Geo. H. Gibson

BOOKS BY

G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY,
M.C., M.A.

The Wicket Gate
Food for the Fed-up
Lies!
The Unutterable Beauty
(Collected edition of Rhymes and Poems)
I Pronounce Them. A Novel.

HODDER AND
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The Warrior, The Woman and The Christ

A Study of the Leadership of Christ

By

G. A. Studdert Kennedy,
M.C., M.A.

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TO
THE BELOVED ENEMY

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	INTRODUCTION	9
I	HOW IT ALL BEGAN	17
II	THE FACT OF SEX AND THREE ATTITUDES TOWARDS IT	22
III	VICTORIANISM AND CHRISTIAN MONOGAMY ..	37
IV	THE CREATIVE CONFLICT OF THE SEXES ..	53
V	CREATIVE CONFLICT AND WORLD PEACE ..	74
VI	CREATIVE CONFLICT AND THE ECONOMIC FACTOR	104
VII	CHRIST AND CIVILISATION	129
VIII	JESUS THE CREATIVE WARRIOR	148
IX	REVEALS THE CREATIVE WARRIOR GOD ..	197
X	LOOKING BACKWARD	269
XI	THE CREATIVE WARRIOR IN HISTORY ..	280

IF I may be allowed the use of an expressive vulgarism, this book bites off more than it can chew. It asks and attempts to answer unanswerable questions. My only excuse is that they are the unanswerable questions which Life asks and to which it demands an answer. Of course Life does not demand an answer in words. Life has no use for words except as a means to an end. It demands an answer in deeds. Deeds not words is the motto of Life. But for good or evil as man grows and develops it becomes increasingly difficult for him to act without talking first. He may not talk out loud, he may just talk to himself. When I was a boy I used to be told that only mad men or bad men talked to themselves. But that is nonsense. Every man who thinks talks to himself. That is what thinking is, talking to oneself. When we act without thinking we act either on impulse or as the result of habit, tradition, or convention. Once we start to question our habits, our traditions, and our conventions then talk begins, and with talk trouble. We have to decide, to make up our minds, to deliberate and choose. It is a painful and apparently endless

business. Once you start to question habits, traditions, and conventions, it is difficult to stop or to know where to stop. We modern men and women have begun to question all our habits, traditions, and conventions. We distrust them. We are becoming more and more self-conscious. I am a man. Why am I a man? I am a woman. Why am I a woman? A man is different from a woman. Why is he different? What is the meaning of this great division which we call sex? It is surrounded by a multitude of habits, traditions, and conventions. We have begun to question them all. All efforts to prevent our questioning them are futile. We cannot help ourselves. There is something driving us on. The traditions, the habits, the conventions which surround the relation of the sexes are all breaking up, and we have nothing to put in their place. Without them we are left at the mercy of the passion itself. Deep down within ourselves we know that this is dangerous. It is worse than dangerous, it is intolerable. We are driven to talk and to think. That is how this book came into being. I have been talking to myself about this for years. I have been talked to by others for years about it, hundreds of others. Some of them have talked to me learnedly and at great length in books, others have talked to me ignorantly and in broken, bewildered word

of mouth. Not a few have talked to me in tears. There is one great conviction to which I have come as the result of all this. I am convinced that you cannot think straight about this question of sex if you isolate it from other questions. It becomes a mental obsession, a disease, unless you see it as part of the challenge of the universe. That is why this book is about everything. It is of course really impossible to think about anything without thinking about everything, but it is peculiarly impossible to think about sex without thinking about everything. That means that it is inevitably a religious question. It brings you bang up against God. Is there a God ? If there is, what sort of a God is He ? If there is a God who made us, He made us sexual beings.

He contrived this method of bringing us into the world. It is when you think of it a very odd method, and the more you think about it the odder it becomes. It is as odd as God Himself. It may sound irreverent to say that God is odd, but it is not so intended. Odd means unique, extraordinary, curious, bewildering. God is odd, and so is sex. Thought about sex calls out and stirs every emotion of which we are capable. That is why it is so intensely difficult to think about it. It is sublime and ridiculous, repulsive and attractive, beautiful and ugly, glorious and shameful ;

it is torture and tenderness, kindness and cruelty, it is earth, paradise, heaven, and hell. It drives us all the way from poetry to perjury, and from songs of praise to suicide.

It has so many ways of touching the heart that the head does not get a chance. And yet the head clamours for a chance and must have it. As we develop under modern conditions it becomes more and more impossible to allow our hearts to rule our heads in the sex relationship. We come to perceive more and more clearly that the destiny of the human race is all bound up with the sex question. It is the point at which our public and our private lives meet and are made one. Publicly the great challenge which is presented to us is—Are we going to make this earth a hell or a home? That we can make it into a hell is alas! all too obvious. No one who thinks can doubt that. That we have a chance of making it into a home, and a very beautiful home, if not an obvious fact, is at any rate a reasonable faith. The purpose of this book is to make it clear that our chance of making earth a home depends upon our capacity for making homes on earth. And our capacity for making homes on earth very largely depends upon and is inevitably bound up with the relationship of the sexes. The relationship of men to women and of women to men is

the basic human relationship from which all other human relationships proceed and upon which they depend. If men are ever going to learn universal love and so make peace they must learn it at home. Love and peace are two of the biggest words in the English language. They mean a great deal more than can be put into words. And yet we must endeavour to put their meaning into words because as we have seen we must think about them. To use them continually as we do without any clear idea of what they mean becomes increasingly dangerous. There is no word which is more frequently on our lips in these days than the word peace. What does it mean? Can there ever be peace on earth? Is not conflict the very essence of life? What is life but one perpetual conflict from the cradle to the grave? Can you eliminate conflict without eliminating life? Can we really hope, and ought we to hope, to abolish all conflict, strife, and competition, and live in universal peace and love? Or is that only a hope for the next world impossible in this? The honest realist who wants to face the facts of life and is not content to dream is often disgusted by the apparent blindness and sentimentality of those who prate of peace. Christianity with its ideal of universal love often appears to him to be slushy sentiment which

drives him to side with the cynics rather than perjure his soul. The purpose of my argument is to set the ideal of peace free from this sickly atmosphere and to show that the reign of peace and of universal love does not mean the abolition of conflict but the raising of all the inevitable conflicts which are the very warp and woof of life up to a mental, moral, and spiritual level so that they become creative rather than destructive. The principle of creative conflict appears to me to be the key to the problem of all personal relationships. Wherever and whenever two or more persons meet and enter into anything in the least degree deeper and more lasting than a mere bowing acquaintance a conflict is set up and there is clash of minds and wills. Human personalities are explosive and dynamic and conflict is the very essence of their common life. It is by the clash with other personalities that our own are formed. The deeper and more lasting the relationship between human persons is the greater is the probability of conflict. But this conflict can be either destructive or creative. Where one person or group of persons endeavours to dominate, subdue, or destroy another and find peace by conquest the conflict is destructive. But where neither desires to dominate or destroy the other but both are eager to give and to take, the conflict does not

cease and melt into emotional unity, it becomes a vitalising, vivifying tension which gives savour and worth and meaning to life.

This creative conflict is the heart of love in its truest and highest sense. Love is the joyous conflict of two or more free self-conscious persons who rejoice in one another's individualities and have no desire to possess, dominate, or destroy one another, but through the clash of mind on mind and will on will work out an ever-increasing but never finally completed unity. There is in it nothing passive, negative, or static, it is active, positive, and dynamic. This is the ideal personal relationship, whether it be between individuals or groups. And the primary school of this vital and vitalising love is the home. The home is the germ cell of the creative conflict of love. The architype of all creative conflict is the conflict of the man and the woman. Because the relationship between a man and a woman can be the deepest, most intimate and searching relationship into which two persons can possibly enter conflict is inevitable, and the danger of its degeneration into a destructive conflict is correspondingly great. The perfection of this relationship carries with it the coming of the Kingdom of Love. As we succeed here we succeed everywhere, failure here is the most disastrous failure of all. The develop-

ment of this central idea is what I have attempted. No one could be more conscious than I am of the inadequacy of the attempt. I cannot begin to acknowledge the debt I owe to friends who have helped me through the spoken and the written word. The book I fear is as full of characteristic faults and failures as every other I have written. I wish it were better done. I still dream of a day when with ample leisure at my command, and a full and adequate preparation I shall be able to write down plainly what God means to me. But perhaps that is only a dream. This at any rate has been written rapidly in such leisure as I have been able to secure, and that may account for such faults in it as are not due to natural ignorance and stupidity.

G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY.

Worcester. Sept. 1928.

I

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

The Warrior and the Priest.

ONE perfectly awful night in 1916 I was following a kindly but spasmodically blasphemous sergeant up a communication trench. It was raining cats, dogs, and whizz bangs, and the inky darkness of the night was only broken now and then by the flare of a Verey light which turned to sudden silver the dirty water through which we waded almost to our knees. Presently two shells of a somewhat larger variety came over and burst unpleasantly close, and we stopped and leaned hard against the side of the trench for protection. Just then a Verey light went up and I saw the sergeant's face. It was a typical warrior face heavily lined, grim, humorous, and kindly with a flash as of steel in the fierce grey eyes. There was a smile hovering round the corners of his mouth as he looked down at me from his great height, and it widened into a friendly grin so that I saw the gleam of his fine, white, even teeth. I saw and took it all in in a

flash. Then came the darkness again, thicker, heavier, more like a warm black blanket than before, and the sergeant said : " This aint exactly what you'd call a b——y mothers' meeting, is it, Sir ? " In a rather shaky voice I answered " Plenty of blood, Sergeant, but no sort of a place for mothers."

The remark set me thinking. It is curious how clearly one can think at such times. It is as though the mind were entirely independent of the body. The body goes on doing what it has to do, groping, stumbling, falling, barking its shins, cutting itself with barbed wire, suffering and grumbling at strain, while the mind pursues a perfectly clear and consecutive train of thought. It was often so with me during those years of war. I find that I can recall with peculiar vividness thoughts that beat through my mind on such occasions. I can remember this night much more clearly than any single night last year. Why did the sergeant connect me with mothers' meetings ? Of course on the surface it is an obvious connection. Parsons and mothers' meetings do go together. Visions of old Mrs. —— perfectly circular and perspiring from much tea holding her daughter's baby, and singing " Jesu Lover of my soul " while Miss —— in pince-nez and the grace of perseverance accompanied on an asthmatic harmonium, floated before

my eyes. God bless her old fat face and shapeless hideous body. I was not ashamed of the connection. Wasn't her old body battered out of shape by bearing warriors like that giant who plodded his way through the water on ahead of me. I remembered a soldiers' meeting behind the line held some weeks before. A perky little private asked me whether I was going back to take mothers' meetings *aprés le guerre*. I heard again the roar of laughter that greeted my reply. "Look here young fellow my lad, you seem to think that you are more important than your mother. You come off it. I'd rather talk to your mother than to you any day of the week, Sundays included." Parsons and mothers' meetings do go together. It is as obvious as quarrels and mothers-in-law. But why is it obvious? The road to most new truth lies through the analysis of the obvious. There is a long strange history behind that mother-in-law joke, for instance. Parsons and mothers' meetings go together, and the warrior—the really manly man—despises them.

The Warrior, The Woman, and The Priest.

Why? Why does the warrior always associate the woman and the priest? It suddenly struck me that it was a very old connection. Mediæval

history came back to me and I saw three typical figures, the knight in shining armour, the priest in his cassock, and the woman with a child in her arms, and the attitude of the warrior to the priest was exactly the same as the sergeant's attitude to me, a mixture of kindly contempt and uneasy respect. One moment he is sneering at the priest as a shaveling, unarmed, half man, half woman, the next moment he is kneeling for a blessing at his feet. He is uncomfortable about him. A vivid picture of the Emperor kneeling before the Pope amid the snows of Canossa flashed before my mind. How far back did this connection go? Of course the sergeant knew nothing about history. But then he was history, walking, talking, living history, and the maker of it. Everyone is. The present man is the fleeting moment through which the past unfolds into the future. For an instant the past became real again. The sergeant was a mediæval man at arms and I a shaven priest. It only needed a change of clothes, our relation remained unchanged. Then, as now, the warrior felt that the proper place for the priest was with the woman. He had no part in war. Then, as now, that kindly, patronising, uneasily respectful contempt. Why? I do not think I pursued the question any further that night. My thoughts trailed off to a perfectly

absurd comedy " When Knights were bold " and I saw James Welch playing billiards with a sword. Then things began to happen—tragic things. War. Before the dawn broke the sergeant was dead, and many other mother's sons with him. But the question remained clearly formulated as a question in my mind, and burned all the more deeply into it because of the horror of that night. That is the way with war. It shouts and bawls its questions at you. It throws them at you stark, raw, quivering, and all shot through with pain. Why does the warrior always associate the woman and the priest ?

II

THE FACT OF SEX AND THREE ATTITUDES TOWARDS IT

Is Christianity a Man's Religion?

THE question that was flung at me that night before the Battle of the Somme has in the years that followed tacked itself on to another question. Why is it that the Christian religion appeals, and always has appealed, more powerfully to women than to men? That this is a fact appears to me to be beyond dispute. Amongst the close and earnest followers of Christ there are, and always have been, more women than men. Of course it is difficult if not impossible to demonstrate this in the absence of statistical evidence but it is an impression which history and experience combine to make so strong as to be irresistible. In every Christian congregation and in all the Churches the women outnumber the men.

Every parish priest knows and frequently discusses the difficulty of getting men into Church. I have for ten years been travelling round and round England preaching in a thousand Churches and staying in a thousand Vicarages, and I do not

know how often I have heard the remark made "A very good congregation and quite a nice number of men." Even then the "nice number" would never be half, and rarely a third, of the number present. You can indeed gather together numbers of men to listen to sermons of a sort. But listening to sermons is a doubtfully religious exercise at the best of times, and a positive hindrance to real religion at the worst. It has always been a matter of amazement to me that our forefathers—the Reformers of blessed memory—were able to believe that they served the cause of true religion when they turned the sculptor out of Church, and forbade him to praise his God in silent songs of wood and stone, threw out the painter with his proferred sacrifice of colour and line, very reluctantly and under severe restrictions admitted the musician, but put the orator up in a great big box bang in front of the altar, and bade him do his worst, which he has been doing ever since. Oratory is much the most dangerous of all the arts, the most commonly degraded and misused. It has, not without justification, been called the harlot of the arts, and yet they crowned it queen. To use an ancient but expressive word I am "astonied." At any rate it cannot be regarded as a disproof, or even a reasonable cause for modification, of the state-

ment that Christianity appeals more powerfully to women than to men that men will gather in large numbers at Brotherhoods and Men's Services to listen to certain kinds of sermons. It may be objected that the founders and first preachers of Christianity were all men but I suspect that then, as now, the majority of the converts were women, and that the Churches were mainly composed of and supported by them. However that may be we are faced with the undoubted fact of to-day, and the question is what we are to think and do about it?

Do we need a Manly Christ?

Is it a weakness in the Christian religion or a weakness in our presentation of it that makes it more attractive to women than to men? Ought we to alter the religion to suit the men or alter the men to suit the religion? Or, if it be our presentation of the Christ that is at fault, are we to alter the presentation to suit the men? Are we called upon to preach a more "manly" Christ? I know a number of priests and preachers who believe that this is the solution of the problem. They pride themselves on being men's men, and regard women only with kindly tolerance, if not with contempt. Their efforts are all devoted to the capture and conversion of men. They adopt a bluff, bright, and breezy manner and mode of

address and present a manly Christ. But I am bound to confess that whenever I meet these super Nietzschean priests they make me laugh. There is something artificial about them. The more they seek to be fishers of men the more crowded their churches are with women. When they are not ridiculous they are apt to be repulsive, for in their efforts to be men, they forget to be gentlemen, and, although that is a much misused word, it stands for something which we cannot dispense with or afford to value lightly. These attempts to present a manly Christ, some of which I have made myself—and am very commonly accused of making because my natural, and for me quite unalterable, modes of writing and of speech are interpreted as an artificial and deliberate appeal to men—seem to me to be singularly unsuccessful. As for me, I write exactly as I think, and for the life of me cannot do otherwise. It is not good English and I am often painfully conscious of that fact, for I love good prose as I love fine poetry. But it takes more than style to redeem man's soul, so from a religious point of view, we can let that alone for ever. Anyhow I and my wretched writings do not matter twopence to anybody, the point is that the Christ of the Gospels stubbornly refuses to be conformed to any typical manly type, and that the efforts to

make Him conform do not really appeal to men or exercise a transforming power over them. For my part I am convinced that we must seek an answer to this question much deeper down beneath the surface of things. We are brought inevitably face to face with the great fact of sex, and the question of its significance in human life.

This question of Sex.

It is said, and with good reason, that our age is obsessed with the question of sex. It dominates our art and literature and occupies too much of our time and thought. This sex obsession is doubtless partly due to strains of degeneracy and of primitiveness which exist side by side in the art, as they do in the life, of to-day. We are at the end of one epoch and the beginning of another. One culture is dying fast and another is hardly born. The world was never so old and never so young as it is to-day. We really do not know what to make of this new world of machines and monster cities which, now that we have struggled a little free from the clutter and rush of making it, stands before us everywhere like a vast interrogation mark. Our fathers were so utterly absorbed in building the thing that they had neither time nor inclination to think about it. They lived in the old world and laboured blindly toward the new. But

we cannot live in the old world. It offers no home for our souls. We cannot accept the old meaning and we have not found a new one for ourselves.

We are living in a world unrealised, and because of that it is almost inevitable that we should fall back upon the primitive. "I don't know what the —— (to be filled in according to taste) to make of it, come and have a drink, or a dance, or a fight, or anything else that stings, bites, and burns, and thus gives us the feeling of reality." This is the common cry of the modern soul. Surrender to any one of the primitive impulses provides us with a transitory thrill of reality, and the sex impulse being one of the most powerful and pervasive is the popular favourite.

When we examine our drama and the typical modern novel, we find that the complexity of modern life, boredom with that meaningless complexity, and the flight for refuge to primitive sex or primitive something else is the monotonous motif repeated *ad nauseam* and accompanied by a constant stream of scorn for the older meanings and purposes which gave to our fathers their conviction that life was worth while. We are not more sensual than our forebears, but we are more bored and bewildered. Our modern sensuality is sophisticated. It is not the simple surrender to an irresistible passion, it is the flight

for refuge from an unbearable emptiness of soul in a world that has no meaning. There is therefore only one remedy for it. We must find a meaning for the world in which we live. Conventions are no good. Convention is but the shadow of conviction, and if the shadow outlives the substance, it can only be for a little while. Victorian conventions are dying fast because Victorian convictions are dead. Prophetic denunciations and carping criticisms are useless too, we must get down to the great fact of sex and endeavour to find a meaning in it.

Three Possible Attitudes—The Atheistic Attitude.

Faced then with the fact of sex there are three attitudes we can adopt—and only three. The first is the atheistic attitude. The thing has not got any meaning or purpose. It is—like the rest of this crazy universe—just one damned thing after another. The " damned " is a regrettable necessity. It is not a concession to " manliness " but an attempt at accuracy of statement. I could say one " blessed " thing after another, but in that case I would either use the word " blessed " to mean " damned " because I was afraid of saying damned when I meant it, or I would describe a totally different attitude of mind. If life is one " blessed " thing after another, then there is a

blessing at life's heart and I am back with God again. But if life is one "damned" thing after another—then there is damnation at life's heart, and God is dead. It is this latter attitude I am describing. The convention that you must not use the word "damned" is founded on the conviction that the Godless view of life is horrible, as indeed it is. But it is this horrible attitude I want to summarise. Hence the "damned." Most of us have known the atheistic attitude towards sex as a mood even though we are utterly opposed to it as a creed. Indeed we probably cling to atheistic creed to protect us from the atheistic mood. From the atheistic standpoint we can see no meaning or purpose in sex that is any satisfaction to our souls. We can in a sort of way understand the "how" of the beastly thing, but the "why" lies out beyond us. We can see that Nature (whatever or whoever he, she, or it may be) had, for her own inscrutable reasons, (though that is nonsense because there is no reason in it) to perpetuate the species; and inasmuch as the species was constantly exposed to death by disease, plague, famine, parasites, vice, poverty, and war, she—that is Nature, to make a woman of her suits the mood—had to provide a liberal margin of life for death to play about with, selecting the fittest, whatever that may mean, and killing off the rest. In order

to produce this liberal margin of life she developed in man, as in other animals, a raging passion to produce it. She set a trap for him and bated it with lies. She tricked it out with tawdry beauty, with dreams that never can come true, and promises that are always going to be and never are fulfilled. She built a fairy palace of delight that crumbles into dirty dust when you pass through its doors. She put men under the spell of sex romance which fools and bamboozles the best of them. They see a mine of gold, pure gold, and rush for it, only to find when they start to dig and pan it out that the mine is mud and treacle. And nature has no mercy. The horror grows worse instead of better. What we, in our optimistic and believing moods, call "progress" and "civilisation" combine to bring it to the torture point. So long as death was free to work its will and destroy the surplus life there was an outlet for the passion, it served a rough but real purpose. But civilised and progressive man has pitted his wit against the wisdom of death and defied its power. He labours unceasingly and with marked success to preserve life. The great surplus of life is no longer needed, but the impulse to produce it remains and works in the hidden depths of human nature with undiminished strength. It is a kind of mental vermiform appendix which

begets disease and destroys our sanity. Decent and dignified men and women go suddenly mad and do ridiculous, disreputable and cruel things, torturing themselves and one another. The primitive passion with its promise of reality and thrill batters down and leaps over the barriers of custom, law, and convention which society erects against it. Sex passion and society are constantly at war, and there are no words which can adequately describe the ferocity and bitterness of the conflict.

For the most part it is a hidden conflict. There is more—much more—behind the scenes than ever comes out upon the open stage. Art, Literature, and Science combine in these days to break the conspiracy of silence and bring the hidden things to light, but they dare not do it thoroughly. Society would not, and indeed could not, stand for it. However wide the limits of decency may be —and we in desperation often stretch them to the breaking point—there must be limits. We simply cannot bear the truth. Every now and then some incident—a suicide, a scandal, a crime, a ruined career, some peculiarly cruel case of blackmail—comes like a flash of lightning, and for a moment we stand looking down into an apparently bottomless pit of misery. Some well-known man or woman appears in the courts and stands like a

beast at bay with decency and dignity all torn to bits by pain. We look at the spectacle fascinated and repelled—and then quickly cover it up and forget. The judge delivers sentence, the curtain drops, and a ruined man or woman goes out into the silence to suffer God alone knows what. Always there has been this conflict between Society and sex but our advance in civilisation adds to its bitterness by increasing restrictions. However much exaggerated and mistaken the doctrines of Freud may be there is a truth behind them. It is quite fairly and rightly said against him that he mistakes abnormal for normal psychology and talks as though the whole race had minds like those minds diseased to which he tries to minister. But there is truth and point in his reply to that charge.

"We believe that civilisation has been built up, under the pressure of the struggle for existence, by sacrifices in gratification of the primitive impulses, and that it is to a great extent for ever being recreated, as each individual successively joining the community, repeats the sacrifice of his instinctive pleasures for the common good. The sexual are amongst the most important of the instinctive forces thus utilised: they are in this way sublimated, that is to say, their energy is turned aside from its sexual goal and diverted

towards other ends, no longer sexual and socially more valuable. But the structure thus built up is insecure for the sexual impulses are with difficulty controlled ; in each individual who takes up his part in the work of civilisation there is a danger that a rebellion of the sexual impulses may occur against this diversion of their energy. Society can conceive of no more powerful menace to its culture than would arise from the liberation of the sexual impulses and a return of them to their original goal. Therefore society dislikes this sensitive place in its development being touched upon ; that the power of the sexual instinct should be recognised, and the significance of the individual's sexual life revealed is very far from its interests ; with a view to discipline it has rather taken the course of diverting attention away from the whole field."

That is both true and deep. Moreover it is not necessarily atheistic. On the contrary, it maintains that this sacrifice and sublimation of the sexual impulse was necessary if civilisation was to be built up and is still necessary if it is to remain standing and be improved. If then civilisation is worth it the conflict is justified, however terrible and torturing it may be. But, in our really atheistic moods, it is the worth of our civilisation that we are driven to doubt

and even to despair of. It is as Freud says insecure, and in our less worthy moments we grow sick of trying to bolster it up. We grow cynical and sneer at its crumbling weakly walls which the forces of savagery keep battering in. Civilisation seems like some badly dug and poorly constructed line of trenches which desperate men defend, and endeavour to repair while the relentless forces of savagery swarm over no-man's land to destroy it. Moreover our resistance is weakened by treachery in our own souls. We constantly discover in ourselves a secret sympathy with these savages. Uncouth and ugly as they are, they seem at times more human and kindly than our own officers who urge us on to greater exertions. Every now and then some comrade bursts into cynical laughter, lays down his arms and joins the enemy, calling us to follow him. We read a novel or see a play written by some clever deserter from the army of civilisation and the bitterness of its mockery rings in our ears as we turn to our task again, with fear and doubt gnawing at our hearts. But if the discipline and sublimation of the sex impulse and other primitive impulses is necessary for the maintenance and development of civilisation it is obvious that civilisation must perish if the atheistic mood hardens into an atheistic creed.

Men cannot fight unless they believe that victory is both possible and worth while, or at any rate that defeat is an intolerable dishonour.

The Agnostic Attitude.

The agnostic attitude will not serve us much better. If we say to ourselves: "This sex conflict may have some purpose and meaning but I'm blowed if I know what it is, and I doubt if anybody knows or ever will know," we may continue to fight because our comrades are fighting and we are afraid to fall out, but we will be half-hearted soldiers liable to fail at times of crisis. This agnosticism is the basis of conventional morality. We do what others do outwardly at any rate, but we grouse and grumble all the time and see no sense in it. We have not the energy, or are not desperate enough, to rebel openly, but there is no real fight in us because we have no faith. This second attitude, the agnostic one, is the commonest of all to-day. Outwardly respectable but inwardly rebellious we drift with the tide of custom without considering whether it carries us to the rocks or the promised land. If custom changes we shall change be it for better or for worse. We neither know nor care. Intellectually the agnostic is more respectable than

the atheist, but from the vital and practical point of view there is nothing to choose between them.

The Theistic Attitude.

The only positive and creative attitude is the third or theistic one. If we believe that sex has a purpose and a meaning which can and will in the end satisfy our souls, and that civilisation is worth maintaining and striving to complete, then the conflict takes on another colour altogether. It is worth while, and we go into it with a will. It is this third positive and creative attitude which alone can save us and our civilisation from decay.

The sex conflict has too often and too long been separated from the rest of the moral battle upon which the structure of civilisation depends, and treated as a separate and peculiar struggle. If we are to be victorious we need to see the field of battle as a whole and to understand the connection between this struggle and all the rest. We must lift it out of the water-tight compartment of purely personal and private morals, and see it as part of one great movement of the race to higher things. If there is a good God and He made us sexual beings, then sex has behind it some great spiritual purpose and our only hope is to discern that purpose and work out our own salvation by endeavouring to fulfil it.

III

VICTORIANISM AND CHRISTIAN MONOGAMY

The Real Importance of the Sex Question.

IT is no real answer to the question: "What is the meaning and purpose of sex?" to say: "Sex is nature's method of perpetuating the species," because that half-answer leads at once to another question: "Why does nature perpetuate the species, and why does she adopt that method?" The sex question is only one form of the universal Sphynx. The meaning of sex is bound up with the meaning of the universe and our life in it. If we could grasp the meaning of sex we would be on the way to grasp the meaning of self. It is this universal importance of the sex question which really justifies our modern preoccupation with it. The conviction that if we could get to the bottom of this we would be nearing the bottom of all things has got some sound sense in it. Much of the popular interest in sex is doubtless either consciously or unconsciously sensual and pornographic and has no higher quest behind it. Even on that level I find it hard to decide whether

the sex play and the sex novel act as stimulants to or outlets for the passion. I am faced with the fact that thousands of wholesome and impeccably respectable people read and see such things and apparently remain both wholesome and respectable. Whereas those who are shocked and hold up hands of horror at them frequently strike one as being not so much respectable as unwholesomely repressed. They are really interested in sex but are afraid of it. Whereas the others are interested but unafraid. It is a question I cannot answer whether the flood of sex art and literature corrupts our morals or assists us to remain as moral as we are. Thousands of wholly delightful people revel in stories about crime and criminals and yet I fail to trace any criminal tendencies in them. I do not lock my door at night because my guest arrives with volumes of Oppenheim, Fletcher and Wallace to read himself to sleep with. I notice with interest that the mildest people often read the most blood and thundery books. I suspect that the modern craze for fiction is what the psychologists call "compensatory phantasy," a dream to which we fly as a refuge from reality. The Reverend Peter Jones reads "The Greene Murder Case" on Sunday night for the same reason that my small

son pretends to be a steam engine. Christopher escapes from his weakness into a dream of power. Mr. Jones escapes from his Sunday perfection into a dream of crime. Does the virtuous Aunt Jane escape from her compulsory spinsterhood when she reads "Jew Süss" or "The Green Hat"? And, if so, does it do her any harm? Well, everyone is agreed that this phantasy or day dream business wants watching. It is a way of escape from reality and, while it may be wholesome to run away from reality sometimes as a relief from strain, it is fatal to spend your whole life running away. Phantasy is dangerous, and the more absorbing and interesting the phantasy the greater the danger. Sex phantasies are apt to be peculiarly absorbing and therefore peculiarly dangerous. People who spend most of their leisure, as thousands nowadays do, reading fiction with a strong sex interest are liable to become, not so much sensual, as useless. They tend to live in an unreal world. They become slack minded and sloppy. That does correspond pretty accurately with observation and experience.

The Justification of our Modern Preoccupation with it.

But our interest in sex may really be on a

higher level. We may honestly desire not to escape from reality but to face and grapple with it. No doubt we are liable to be self-deceived, but we may be perfectly honest. The fact of sex is one of the most crucial and important facts in life and we are perfectly justified in desiring to get to the bottom of it and find out what God means by it. When we have allowed for all the other and less worthy factors in it, our modern preoccupation with sex is largely the result of an honest determination to face facts and get at the meaning of them, if they have any meaning. We are discontented with the attitude of the past towards sex because we feel that it did not face up to facts but was ignorant of, ignored, or disguised them. When we are asked to believe that the full purpose and meaning of sex was revealed to us in Victorian bourgeois domesticity we grow rebellious for various good reasons.

Weakness of Victorianism.

We feel that there were awkward facts behind its apparent respectability which were not allowed to come out. To begin with it tacitly recognised and partly depended upon a double standard of morality, one standard for the man, and the other standard for the woman. What was right for Jack was wrong for Jill. This double

standard necessitates the existence of a class of hired women. Obviously you cannot have a double standard without having women to double standard with. The double standard means keeping prostitutes, and we might as well face up to that.

Now there is something abominable about the idea of nice girls and happy mothers who depend upon prostitution for their niceness and happiness. It is particularly abominable because it is dishonest and hypocritical. But that people believed that the virtue of their daughters and the happiness of their homes depended upon the hired prostitute is evidenced by the fact that much of the opposition to the abolition of licensed houses of ill-fame in this and other countries was based upon that very plea seldom publicly but often privately put forward by respectable men and women. The facts about prostitution and the White Slave Traffic are only now beginning to come out fully to the light. The heroic pioneer work of Josephine Butler is bearing fruit in the effort of the International Committee of the League of Nations. The Reports of that Committee ought to be sufficient to convince any decent man or woman that prostitution is an absolutely intolerable institution. It is not necessary for

our purpose in this book to go more fully into the facts. Those who are genuinely interested can read the reports and, as I have said, they ought to be sufficient to sicken anyone. We can sum and settle the matter in the haunting and humiliating lines of Humbert Wolfe :

All the world over in every town and city
There is a furtive shuffle of tired feet,
And the invisible hounds that know not pity
Pad after them in alley way and street.
All men are whippers in of that foul pack
And follow them to life's supreme disaster
As certainly as if you heard them crack
The huntsman's whip, or halloa like the master.
Their sin is all our sin, ours is their shame,
And while a single woman earns her bread
By blasphemy committed in love's name
Not only she, but all our world is dead.
Then God call off the hounds, and bid the whore
And all who made her, go and sin no more.

That is unbearable, but not so unbearable as the facts.

In so far then as Victorian domesticity recognised and depended upon this traffic it was a rotten sham and stands self-condemned, and the double standard of morality with it.

Another awkward fact which was hidden and

ignored in the Victorian solution of the sex problem was the property relationship between the man and the woman. The man was the owner rather than the mate. The world of bitter tragedy that was covered by this fact will never be fully revealed. Millions of women carried it in silence to their graves. We can only guess at its depths and heights, but we know sufficient to convince us that it is a quite intolerable injustice. Finally the complete economic dependence of women rendered and still renders them helpless often in the face of grievous wrong. These facts combine to make us feel that the Victorian solution was no solution and that we must find another.

Victorianism Identified with Christianity.

Unfortunately the Victorian solution of the sex problem has become identified in our minds with the Christian solution, and it is commonly supposed that they stand or fall together. The collapse of Victorianism is taken to mean the collapse of Christianity, and we are invited to look around for a modern solution. Modern solutions abound both in theory and in practice, but the most noticeable feature common to them all is that they are ancient. Parallels for them are plentiful in the life of primitive savages. There is no department of human life in which so many experiments

have been made as in the relationship between men and women. It can in fact be safely said that we have tried them all. The Science of Anthropology has collected and collated records of these experiments, and they make queer and often painful reading. I know of nothing which is a greater trial to one's faith in the providence of God and in the rational order of the universe than the study of the history of sex relationships. To wade through even a few of the monstrous tomes that have been written on the subject is a baffling and bewildering experience. History is a difficult and disturbing subject anyhow, and this particular branch of history is the scarlet and purple limit. People often talk glibly about a natural and normal sex life, but goodness knows, in the light of history, what a natural and normal sex life for men and women is. There seems to be literally nothing in this connection of which they have not been, and may not still be, capable.

It is not merely that sex customs, superstitions, and taboos offend our modern sense of decency and are completely topsy-turvey according to our moral standards. That we become prepared for and expect. It is the senseless cruelty, the stupidity, the dirt, the fostering and encouragement of disease, the offences against what seem to us to be elementary laws of physiology and anatomy, the

ingenious and bizarre pervertedness of the customs that is so amazing. History has been freely bowdlerised and facts distorted and glozed over in a gallant effort to prove that monogamy is natural and normal for man, but it is a hopeless task. Westermarck went through the world with a microscope to find a naturally monogamous savage tribe but it is doubtful whether he produced a single authentic case.

Monogamy not primitive or "natural" to Man.

It is supposed that the authority of our Lord can be appealed to for the naturalness of monogamy. "But from the beginning of the creation God made them male and female. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife and they twain shall be one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder." (S. Mark x. 6-8.) But if this saying is taken in an historical sense and made to mean that monogamy actually was the theory and the practice amongst our primitive ancestors, all that can be said is that it contradicts every scrap of evidence we possess upon the subject. All the evidence goes to show that our primitive fathers not only did not practice monogamy but would have thought you were stark mad if you had proposed it to them.

The truth is that our Lord is speaking not as a professor of temporal history but as a prophet of eternal truth. He is setting forth the ultimate meaning and eternal purpose of the sex relationship. This purpose has indeed existed from all eternity in the mind of God but, like the rest of the divine plan, it has to be slowly and painfully realised and worked out by the human race under conditions of space and time. We have Christ's authority for believing that the full significance of the sex relationship can only be realised when two free, equal, consecrated personalities enter into a voluntary, life-long, indissoluble union of mutual love and service to God, to one another, and to their children. This He says is the divine purpose, and the appointed destiny of men and women in time.

Business the Destiny of Men and Women.

But this destiny has never been fully realised on earth, it remains, like the Kingdom of God, of which it is part, to be realised by labour and by prayer, and through sacrifice. In this, as in everything else, Christ is in the van not in the rear of human progress. He is not merely modern He is futurist. Full Christian marriage is the one startlingly new, revolutionary, modern solution of the sex problem. It has not been tried and found

wanting. It has been found difficult and not thoroughly tried. There never has been true Christian marriage upon earth any more than there has been peace upon the earth and goodwill amongst men. But peace upon earth is the destiny of the nations as Christian marriage is the destiny of the sexes. These two glorious conceptions are mutually dependent and involved the one in the other. We shall never learn to make the earth a home except as we learn to make homes on the earth. There are many who say that world peace and Christian marriage are alike impossible because they are both contrary to nature. But, as we have seen, this " nature " business wants watching. To say that human nature does not change is one of those exquisite falsehoods which are an almost exact reversal of the truth The reason why humanity has survived and achieved supremacy over the rest of creation lies in its capacity for constant change, its power of adaptability. That is why the question of where we are going to is so much more important for humanity than the question of where we have been or are now. The human race is afflicted with what a long-suffering friend of mine used to call " movingitis." He had a wife who no sooner got settled in one house than she became convinced that it was absolutely necessary for

her health to move into another. That is the way with humanity.

> Our little systems have their day,
> They have their day and cease to be,
> They are but broken lights of Thee,
> And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We keep moving on. And when we take the great human movement in all the length and breadth of its vast sweep as modern research discloses it to us we have reason to believe that in both these matters of marriage and war time is with Christ. That does not mean that there is anything automatic or mechanically inevitable about human progress. It merely means that in our philosophy we find room for the great word destiny, and all the wealth of meaning that it contains. We believe that through the tender mercy of our God the day spring from on high is visiting us to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death and to guide our feet into the way of peace at home and abroad. Once we have got rid of the idea that Christian monogamy is primitive, natural, or easy and have realised that it is a supreme spiritual achievement towards which the race has been toiling and travailing down the ages we begin to see things in their true perspective.

The Necessity of Realism.

Those who in the interests of Christian theology have cooked, distorted, or suppressed awkward and unpleasant facts about the actual relation of the sexes in the past did us a disservice. This bowdlerising of history has led us to underestimate the difficulties inherent in the relationship of the sexes and to ignore the reality and importance of sex antagonism, and the part which that antagonism has played and still plays in human history. The confusion of sexual desire with love and the sentimental idea that the former naturally and easily leads to the latter has been disastrous both in theory and in practice. A thorough-going and relentless realism is the only foundation upon which we can build the future.

It is a hopeful sign that in these days the necessity of this realism is more and more clearly recognised. It may be that in our reaction from the sentimental teaching of the past we go too far the other way and paint our picture in colours more sombre even than the truth. But that is an inevitable error for which we can allow. We used to be taught that all stories had a happy ending. All lovers after troubles in true love's course married and lived happily ever after. Now we are taught that nobody ever marries and lives happily ever after. Marriage used to be the

natural solution of all sex problems, now it has become the sex problem that requires to be solved, and the favourite solution is a dissolution. We used to be told that the triangle was the exception that proved the rule, now we are led to suppose that it is the rule with but rare exceptions. We used to be told that all children naturally loved and obeyed their parents, and all parents loved and wisely directed their children. Now we have nothing but the revolt of youth and the failure of older people to understand it. On the surface it is all very discouraging and puzzling. But viewed in its true perspective it has its hopeful side.

The Breaking of Old Bridges.

The great natural gulfs which exist, and always have existed, between any man and any woman, and between any one generation and the next are no longer covered up with the rubbish of sentimental platitude. We see them clearly, and to see them clearly is the first step to the bridging of them with a solid bridge. We can moreover see that in building solid bridges over the gulfs which separate men from women, and parents from children we are building the Kingdom of God and working out the destiny of the race. The family is in literal truth a microcosm or little

world, and the difficulties we encounter in the making of a perfect family we must encounter in the making of a perfect world. It is in the smaller that we receive our training for the larger task. Parenthood is the true training for politics. We are being forced in these days to realise the difficulties of both. The bridges that our fathers built, solid and enduring as they appeared to be, are breaking or have broken down. They were the bridges of authority. The authority of the husband over the wife, of the parent over the child, of the upper over the lower classes, of the stronger over the weaker peoples. The purpose of government both in the family, the nation, and the world was to keep order and impose the will of the strong upon the weak. Now after ages of travail a change has come over the scene. The bridges of authority are everywhere breaking down and the purpose of government is seen to be not merely to keep order but to promote growth, a much more difficult business. We have not merely to preserve society we have to improve it. We have to make children not merely as good as their fathers, but much better. Both in the family and in the world democracy has come to birth, and democracy is both difficult and dangerous, so difficult and so dangerous that it drives many wise and far-seeing people to the edge if not

to the depths of despair. There are many who say that it is not only difficult and dangerous but decadent. Democracy is a danger because it is a disease they say. Here we come within sight of the great dilemma with which it is the purpose of this book to bring my readers face to face.

The Building of New Ones.

The really Christian solution of the sex problem in which, as we shall see more and more clearly, the whole social problem is involved, is the building of a bridge of Love over the natural gulfs between the sexes, the generations, the classes, and the nations. If the bridge of Love is only a dream and can never become a reality then democracy goes and Christ with it as it seems to me. If democracy in its highest sense is decadent then Christ is decadent. If democracy is a disease then Christianity is the germ of it. There precisely is the choice which we in our generation have to make, the decision we must face. Jesus Christ is either divine or degenerate. If He cannot save He will wreck the world. He ought therefore, either to be worshipped as God or hounded out of the world as a public danger, and that quickly before it is too late.

IV

THE CREATIVE CONFLICT OF THE SEXES

The Mother-Centred Family.

IT is commonly assumed that the patriarchal family with a bread winning father co-operating with an economically dependent mother is natural and primitive.

Men must work and women must weep
And there's little to earn and many to keep

as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be until the world ends. Amen. That is taken to be a summary of human domestic history. There have always been Daddy, Mummy, and kids, Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones and all the little Jones's in that order. But that will not do. Modern research goes to show that the patriarchal family is by no means primitive but is itself the crown and climax of a long, curious, and chequered development, the result of endless experiments, and that the modern form of patriarchal family based upon the ideal of a life-long union of one man with one woman is the very latest phase of that development, so late

indeed that its permanence is not yet assured. The truly monogamous family in fact is, as an institution, not like an ancient and tottering old man threatened with senile decay but like a young and vigorous baby just learning to walk and battle for its life.

The primitive human family appears to have been as mother-centred and as mother-managed as a litter of kittens, and the relation of the father to the mother and children very much like that of Tom to Tabitha and her young. His business with the family began and ended with the begetting of them. He was a wandering polygamist who had many "wives" in many places, and he visited them by turns bringing meat from the hunt to assure his welcome. If he brought enough he was tolerated, but if not he was turned out, and someone else took his place. The lady was as free to bestow her favours or to refuse them as he was, and exercised her freedom. It was a state of free love, only there was a great deal of freedom and very little love.

Much Freedom—Little Love.

In blank contradiction of modern sentimental and romantic notions history goes to show that freedom and love vary inversely. Much freedom, little love. Much love, little freedom. We are

told nowadays that love must be free, whereas the truth is that it cannot be free. The voluntary sacrifice of freedom is the paradox of love. Amongst our primitive ancestors there was little love lost between the sexes. The first Eves were in a very literal sense cats, and their unions with their various Adams resembled much more the combat which, with spitting and wild shrieks, is fought out upon the tiles at night than the billing and cooing of later Eves and Adams underneath.

Sex and Cruelty.

In both the male and female of the human species sexual attraction is originally and pre-eminently " sadic " ; it is positively gratified by the infliction of pain ; it is as cruel as hunger. That is the direct, fundamental, and longest established sentiment connected with the sexual impulse. Amongst animals the male captures, mauls and bites the female, who in turn uses her teeth and claws freely, and the " lovers" issue from the combat bleeding and mangled. All mammals without exception use their teeth on these occasions. Amongst camels as soon as impregnation has taken place the female with a vicious snarl turns round and attacks the male with her teeth, and the latter is driven away in

terror. The relation between the sexes is associated with the impulse to hurt, to shed blood, to kill, and is like the encounter between a beast of prey and its victim. It would be more accurate to speak of the sexual impulse as pervading nature with a yell of cruelty than with a hymn of love. It would be more accurate and yet not accurate enough for the distinction between pain and pleasure, and therefore between cruelty and kindness, is apt to be obliterated in the fierce excitement of the sex passion. Nothing but wilful blindness could fail to recognise that the original connection between sexual attraction and cruelty still exists and is common even amongst modern men and women. The ape and the tiger in us may be dying, but they are not dead. The yell of cruelty has not altogether passed into the hymn of love. It is frequently supposed that the crime passional in which the "lover" maims or murders the object of his affections is the result of the "unnatural repression" of the sex impulse in civilised societies. But the persons who most commonly commit such crimes are not those who have accepted civilisation and its repressions, but those who have thrown them off and lived utterly non-moral or immoral lives, in a state of primitive free love. They are not so much perversions

as reversions to type. But we need not go to the exceptional cases of sex crime to see the connection between sex and cruelty, it is alas! common enough in ordinary life. The relation between the sexes amongst quite commonplace modern men and women provides us with instances of cruelty and the delight in inflicting pain. I have not infrequently heard stories from working women and cultured ladies that made me wish that women still had sharp teeth and claws and could use them as the camel uses hers. Nor is it only on one side. Women torment and torture men they "love" in a primitive sexual way and drive them to suicide and drink.

The primitive wandering polygamist is still common enough. He may be forced by law to contribute to the maintenance of the children he begets, but he has little or no feeling of responsibility towards them. He is still the lawless, loveless, hunting male animal. Nor is there any reason to suppose that any man is born anything else but a lawless, loveless, hunting male animal. Whatever more than that he may become is due entirely to social heredity, tradition, and education in its wildest sense including the Grace of God. Man is by nature a savage. He only becomes a citizen by schooling, and the one indispensable school of all the civic virtues

is the family. It is quite a mistake to look upon a family as a school where children are educated by their parents, a family is a school where parents are educated by one another and by the children. If there is any love between the sexes worthy of the name it is the result of increasingly permanent and abiding unions between men and women in the service of their children.

Love the Result of Monogamy.

Love is the result of monogamy and not its cause—that is the great fact upon which we must lay firm hold if we want to think sanely on sex and its significance in human life. Loyalty, tenderness, mutual consideration, sacrifice, and all that goes to make up the complex sentiment which we call love is not naturally or inevitably connected with sex passion, it is the result of an increasingly successful attempt at monogamy which has been made down the ages and the tradition arising out of that attempt. We are still only attempting monogamy and therefore only attempting love and civilisation. We are liable to lapse into savagery, but our progress toward civilisation is marked and can be measured by our progress toward true monogamy. The drama of civilisation might well be entitled

" The Motherising of Father " or " The Taming by the Shrew." There was and could be no civilisation worthy of the name so long as the family remained completely mother-centred and mother-managed, and the man continued to be the lawless, loveless, hunting male. Civilisation began on the day that father went to work. For ages of time—far the greater part of man's sojourn on the earth—father did not work, he was the hunter, the warrior, the killer, and destroyer. How far he fought with his fellow man is doubtful. It may be that those scholars are right who believe that organised warfare was unknown to primitive man and only began with the institution of private property. But there was the war against the beasts and that was father's job. He was predatory and lived on death. Mother it was that worked.

The Warrior and the Working Woman.

Women began the work of the world, and have done most of it ever since. Father was predatory, mother was creative. Father lived by putting things out of existence, mother by bringing them into it. Agriculture, house building, boat making, pottery, basket weaving, leather work, all the primitive arts and crafts were started and for ages carried on by women.

There was no private property, all property was vested in the matriarchal or mother-centred clan. All work was done by the women's guilds. Religion was also their sole charge. Primitive religion was very largely connected with the fertility of nature, and that was naturally associated with women. They were the natural representatives of the central mystery of life—its creation. It is difficult for us to grasp the fact but it was ages before father's part in the creation of life was recognised at all. The act of union and the birth of a child were not connected in the primitive mind. Children were supposed to be born of women by supernatural agents such as the moon. We find it hard to get back there but so it was. Women were the creators. Men were the slayers. This arose out of a deep difference between the male and female nature, the very root of all their differences.

The Basis of the Sex Conflict.

In man the sex impulse is primary and dominant, and the parental impulse secondary and latent. In woman the parental impulse is primary and dominant and the sex impulse secondary and latent. We have seen that the sex impulse is originally and pre-eminently predatory, it is as cruel as hunger. Like hunger

it serves a creative purpose ultimately but is primarily destructive. It is true that a man must eat to live, but unless he is a modern health crank who reckons up the vitamines in his porridge and the calories in ham and eggs he does not eat to live, he eats because he is hungry and desires food. He is in pain until he gets it. So a man must have union in order to create life, but unless he is a very civilised and self-conscious person, he is not driven to union by the desire to create life, but by the desire for union whether it creates life or not. He is hungry for it and, next to hunger itself, this sex hunger is the most powerfully moving passion of his nature. With women the passion to create life is much more dominant. The craving for children in her is stronger than the desire for union, and can exist apart from and without it. Thus the man is driven to create children by the desire of union, and the woman is driven to union by the desire to create children. While this is broadly true, and a truth of paramount importance for the understanding of human nature, there are in individual men and women great variations in the balance of these two impulses. Some women are better mates than mothers, most women better mothers than mates. Some men are better lovers than fathers, other

men better fathers than lovers. But the general dominance of the sex impulse in the man and the parental impulse in the woman remains the root distinction between them, and is the basic cause of the sex antagonism which plays and always has played so great a part in the relation between men and women all down the ages. The exploitation of women by men is caused by the desire of the man to satifsy the sex impulse apart from the parental impulse, and his use of his superior physical strength and cunning, learned and perfected in the hunt, to achieve that end. The woman instinctively rebels against that desire, and feels herself degraded and defrauded when she submits. She may be trained, persuaded or coerced, not to feel that way, but it is her nature to do so. She may not demand that the man feel conscious desire to create life, but she does demand that he should not shirk or deprive her of it. This clash between the sex and parental impulses in the man and the woman is the root of the sex conflict. It is very ancient and with many of us is so covered up by culture and rationalisation that it is quite unconscious, but it is there and is of enormous importance as a factor in human development.

It Ought to be a Creative Conflict.

It can, and ought to become a creative conflict. Creative conflict is the very nerve centre of life and growth, and the understanding of it is necessary to the understanding of life. A creative conflict is one in which there never can be any victory either for the one side or the other. Victory for either means defeat for both. They must remain for ever locked in a perpetual conflict out of which arises a growing but never finally completed unity.

Here in this principle of creative conflict—the conflict which although it is a real conflict yet has for its conscious object the creation and not the destruction of life—the blessing and not the blasting of the beloved enemy—is laid bare before us the quivering nerve of human history, the seat of its sorrow and its joy, its exquisite pleasure, and well-nigh unbearable pain, and the mysterious blending of the two which defies description and analysis. This creative conflict is the relation that exists between spirit and matter which is at once the inspiration and despair of the artist. The sculptor who stands hammer and chisel in hand before a block of stone is a warrior armed for a creative conflict—between spirit and matter. He is a warrior who has taken to work. He is indeed

an artist in the narrow and restricted sense of the word because he is endeavouring to create what is beautiful rather than useful. But the distinction between the beautiful and the useful is a difficult one to define, everything useful is beautiful in so far as it serves a noble and satisfying purpose. All good work is art, and all art is work. Every worker is, or ought to be, an artist, a warrior armed with weapons for a creative conflict between spirit and matter. Art began when work began. When the hunter laid aside his spear and took a spade.

Work is a Creative Conflict.

This step took place when the wandering ploygamous father, the lawless, loveless, hunting male of the matriarchal clan began to develop into the patriarch, entering into a more enduring and permanent partnership with the female in the service of the family. The fire, the restless energy, the cunning, and the skill of the hunter began to be applied to a creative rather than a destructive purpose. The sex conflict even in its most primitive form is of course unconsciously creative. In it the fire, ferocity, energy, and force of the sex impulse is made to serve a creative purpose. But in the animal world and amongst primitive men and women its

service is unconscious, and it violently repudiates any other or more protracted co-operation with the creative impulse of the female. But as the warrior takes to work, snatching the spade from the woman's hands, the great transformation act begins, the warrior starts to develop into an artist, he takes to creative instead of destructive conflict. As he takes upon himself a larger share in the burden of the protracted helplessness and dependence of the human child he begins to submit his male energy, cunning, initiative, and skill to the creative purpose of the female.

Marriage a Working Partnership.

This is the meaning of the fact that marriage in any true sense of that word originates as an economic arrangement. It began as a working partnership. It was not originally devised as a means of restricting intercourse between the sexes. In its earliest forms it imposed little or no restraint upon such intercourse. The idea of confining sexual intercourse to married people is a very late development, so late indeed that it has never been successfully accomplished. There was no idea amongst primitive peoples that women ought to be virgins when they married; indeed the opposite idea was prevalent. A woman who had borne, or was about to bear, children was more

eagerly sought as a wife, because her fertility was thereby guaranteed. The idea of men being virgins at marriage was unheard of and would have been looked upon as absurd. Marriage was by men frequently postponed until quite late in life, and was only undertaken when their career as a first-class brave and warrior was over, and they settled down to work.

Marriage then is fundamentally a working partnership, and in it the sex conflict becomes consciously creative. It is in the father with responsibility for the family that the evolution of the warrior into the artist begins, and the history of that evolution is the history of civilisation in its truest sense. The civilised man is the warrior transformed into the artist through work.

The Warrior Must Not be Tamed.

It is important to grasp the fact that the warrior must be redeemed and not destroyed, or repressed. If he loses or bottles up his fighting spirit, his fire, his initiative, his energy and skill, and becomes what we call effeminate, then he is degenerate and a danger to civilisation. Effeminacy is a disease to which the delicate organism of civilisation is naturally liable, and it is fatal if it is not checked in time. The problem of civilisation is

the transformation of the warrior into the artist without destroying or diminishing the force of the warrior qualities and virtues. If great work is to be accomplished and great art achieved even the ferocity and reckless abandon of the true warrior is needed. Weak men cannot do great work. In the artistic genius the sex impulse is sometimes so completely sublimated into consciously creative passion that it destroys the craving for physical fatherhood altogether, and the artist is often a rotten father of children. Women inspire him not to beget children but to write poetry, to paint pictures, to make dead stones cry out the unbearable beauty of God. He often behaves like the primitive hunting, fighting male. He goes through the world lawless, and apparently loveless. The family is not for him. He cannot bear its discipline, and yet he submits himself to the stricter and more searching discipline of his art with complete abandon and surrender. He is at once the joy and despair of women. He asks their love and gives them only beauty in return. He takes their bodies and their souls and gives them only music and the colours in the garment of God. When he is second rate we curse him for what he is, the most utterly worthless of men. The decent father of a family rightly despises him as an inferior artist, a

degenerate male. The artistic temperament without the artistic power is the poorest and sorriest thing on earth. But when he is great we forgive him his frailty and remember only his strength. Only a rabid puritan would remember the hearts that Goethe broke when he was reading Faust, and then we feel somehow that his too-righteous judgment is not the judgment of God. The artist is one who, greatly daring, seeks to tear the veil from the final Beauty's face, and if in his quest the hidden glory burns him up both body and soul, as far as we can see, and leaves nothing but the ashes of a man, we dare not judge the ashes, we can only be silent and think on the mercy of God. I remember a very righteous curate friend of mine expressing his contempt and disgust for a drunken, and I fear immoral, fiddler whose sweeping bow made angel choirs sing on earth, but as I looked from my friend's gold spectacles and fine ascetic face to the sodden artist with his burning eyes I thought I heard Christ whisper " Hush ! wait until you hear him play." But the artistic genius is just one of the exceptions which go to prove the universal rule that it is only through the discipline of fatherhood, a fatherhood which in full co-operation of love and care shares with the mother the long drawn out responsibility for children that the warrior

is transformed into the artist man, and the savage becomes a citizen and builder of the New Jerusalem, the eternal city of God.

Charity Begins at Home.

There is a far deeper meaning than is generally intended in the saying that " Charity begins at home." Charity is the most tragic of English words. It has so come down in the world. From being the high crowned King of words, the very name of God Himself, it has become an outcast of mean reputation begging for tolerance from door to door. It does not even stand now for bestowing all my goods to feed the poor, which S. Paul rejected with scorn as a meaning for it, it has come to mean patronising the poor with such goods as I can give without missing them. But even if we restore to charity its lost dignity and use it once more as the word sign for creative Love, that passion for life which will do and suffer anything to create it, it is still true that on this earth charity began and begins at home. It is born in the soul of the warrior when he stands beside the woman of his choice and says " Bear me my babes and the birth pangs shall not all be yours, for I will fight for them and you against the world, nay I will do more I will build a world for them to dwell in, a world of beauty, goodness,

and truth, from which all evil has been purged away, and there is no crying any more."

It is then that what is latent and unconscious in healthy lust becomes patent and conscious in human love, the long ascent to the throne of God begins. That is the sole valid reason that can be urged for discarding " charity " and using the word Love to span the depths and the heights, it reminds us that the heights grow out of the depths and are potentially present in them. To face the fact that love at its highest and lust at its lowest have a common root protects us from that false spirituality which despises flesh and, being more dignified than God, will not deign to become Incarnate. This false spirituality has ever been the curse of religion. It seeks in God a refuge from the world not the power of redemption for it, and, shirking the cross of creation, loses its soul in dreams.

It is significant that such barren ascetic spirituality has always despised sex, and belittled passion, regarding it rather as a danger to than as a means of grace. But that is fatal to the really spiritual life. Flesh and Spirit are in conflict but it is a creative conflict in which neither must conquer, dominate, or destroy the other, but locked for ever in vital and vivifying combat, must seek and be satisfied with no

lower peace than the Peace of God which passes understanding.

Peace does not mean the end of all our striving,
Joy does not mean the drying of all tears,
Peace is the power that comes to souls arriving
Up to the light where God Himself appears.

Joy is the wine that God is ever pouring
Into the hearts of those who strive with Him,
Lighting their eyes to vision and adoring,
Strength'ning their arms to warfare glad and grim.

The gladness even of the humblest of lovers is part of the gladness of God, it is the power by which the sorrow of creation is born.

Methinks this is the authentic sign and seal
Of Godship that it ever waxes glad
And more glad, till gladness blossoms, bursts
Into a rage to suffer for mankind,
And recommence at sorrow.

This is true of the immortal lover who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross despising the shame, and it is also true of a common country yokel or city artisan who stands beside his chosen woman and vows to share with her the sorrow of creating life. The spirituality which

is due either to lack of passion, or to violent repression of it is rightly suspected. The first is merely a weakness, the second a disease, and a very dangerous disease. The purity which is prudish can be more prurient than vice. Some "good" women are the worst women in the world. Some "good" men are the nearest approach to devils that you find on earth. The devil would never be such a fool as to fall in love. Unless it serves his own carefully calculated and entirely egotistic ends he is as "moral" as St. Antony. He might deliberately take Love, and use it for his own purposes, but it takes a man or a woman to fall in love. And when the man and the woman are fired by passion not merely to the pursuit of mutual pleasure, but to the sharing of a common sorrow, the enduring of a common pain, the devil is always defeated, and God comes to His own.

I never loved thee, mine, until those tears
  Of common sorrow bound us into one.
Then when we danced together down the years
  And shouted in the sun,
Greeting the dawn of each new day with cheers,

We were not one. Our souls were still asleep,
  We were companions in a childish game,

Until the great God called and bade us weep,
  Until the darkness came,
And we went hand in hand down to the deep.

Then were we naked both and unashamed,
  Soul clave to soul stripped of the clinging flesh,
Till out of sorrow's heart pure passion flamed
  To incarnate afresh
Two spirits in one body Love reclaimed.

There 'neath the starless skies our souls embraced,
  And of their true compassion joy was born.
Then, on the awful verge of that grey waste,
  The fingers of the morn
In blood red letters their new message traced.

True charity is never cold. It is even in its humblest and most elemental form of common fatherhood and motherhood a fire of creative Love. At its highest it includes in a unity of creative conflict, includes without either destroying and repressing, the imperious sex passion of the warrior and the creative craving of the woman.

V

CREATIVE CONFLICT AND WORLD PEACE

The Little World of Home.

AND the primary school of Charity or creative Love is the monogamic home in which a man and a woman pledge themselves to a working partnership for the creation of new life. And the more permanent the partnership, the more it tends to cover the whole period of dependent childhood, the better the school of Love. A home is a little world, a miniature society, and in it the great social problems present themselves for solution. There is the natural conflict between the man and the woman, the sex conflict ; there is the natural conflict between the two generations, the conflict of past and present with the future ; there is the natural conflict between the strong and the weak, the class conflict in its root form. In the family these problems present themselves for solution not in theory but in practice, and only as they are rightly solved in the home will they or can they be rightly solved in the state or in the world. That is the basic fact upon which all sane sociology must rest.

Ancient and Modern Fallacies.

In the light of that fact we can perceive the fallacy that underlies two so-called modern solutions of the sex problem. One solution is to regard children as belonging to the community rather than to their parents, and to make the State responsible for their upbringing and education. A healthy child is an asset to the State and therefore the mother who bears it should be endowed by the State, and the responsibility for its well being borne by the State. This solution pre-supposes that you have already created a community which is ready and able to bear that responsibility and that you will be able to maintain it when you have destroyed parental responsibility and deprived your citizens of the education of bearing it. You are to make and maintain a community with a passionate common sense of its duty to children and a strong desire to do it when the school in which its members learn the duty has been taken away.

Behind this there lies the belief that there is an automatic and inevitable law of progress in society so that when you reach a stage in development you must proceed from that stage and cannot go back. Having reached a certain height you can kick away the ladder by which you climb and ascend on air—hot air. Because by ages of

training in responsible parenthood we have produced a community with some dim sense of its duty to children, we are to assume that if we do away with parental responsibility the community will be ready and willing to take it over. I could not imagine anything less likely to happen. The education which children receive from their parents is of far less importance than the education which parents receive from their children. The fact that I am the son of my father has had much less to do with my civic education than the fact that I am the father of my son. What is much more likely to happen, if you break up the family, is that you will break up the great Society altogether, and pass through a period of bloodshed and anarchy because the civic virtues upon which civilised society depends for its life will decay and tend to disappear. It is perfectly possible for men to revert to the primitive lawless, loveless, hunting male type out of which society in our sense of the word could not be made. We only need a generation of real decay in civic virtue, an aimless drift into another great world war, and the stage would be prepared for the piteous tragedy of social disintegration. Already it may be that we have gone too far along that line and have perilously undermined the sense of parental responsibility. The system of low wages

and rate-provided schools, charity hospitals, and state doctors is a poor substitute for a decent living wage out of which a free family could by voluntary co-operation with its neighbours provide directly for its own children. We dare not ask the majority of parents to bear their responsibility now because we know they do not get nearly enough to bear it with. But the line of advance is to give them enough and let them bear it, not to keep them poor and bear it for them. Of course this may be done by educating men to recognise that they bear their responsibility by paying rates and taxes, my point is that such a policy will only be beneficial to society in so far as men and women do recognise their responsibility and willingly bear it. You cannot make and maintain a society conscious of, and eager to do, its duty to children except out of men and women who are conscious of, and eager to do, that duty, and I doubt whether they can be made conscious of their duty to other people's children unless they are conscious of their duty to their own. The basic social problem is the breeding and training of social people, that is of people who have learned to make the inevitable conflicts which are the nerve centres of society creative and not destructive conflicts, and I doubt if this can be done without the primary

school of creative conflict, the monogamic home.

The Return of Tom and Tabitha.

The second modern solution is the regarding of motherhood as the woman's right apart from any marriage tie and the children as belonging to her. The economic independence of women combined with the endowment of motherhood would make it increasingly possible for the unmarried mother to have a child or children without entering into any lasting partnership with a man, and the man could give her children and leave her to bring them up. In this solution it is evident that the primitive hunting lawless irresponsible male, and the mother-centred, mother-managed family reappear. We have completed the circle, and come back to where we started from, Tabitha with her litter of kittens and he freely-wandering Tom. The idea is that it would be quite different under modern conditions, and that having reached a high state of civilisation we cannot possibly fall back. But I see no reason for such optimism. If by this or some other temptingly easy arrangement we escape from the social conflicts inherent in the home, I fail to see how we are to be prepared to meet them when they occur, as they must inevitably occur, in the larger social units.

If we shirk the task of building homes we will shirk the task of building states, and be utterly unequal to the high and awful task of building a world state.

If the economic independence of women is used not to perfect but to prevent the permanent union of the man with the woman in the service of the child then the mainspring of civilisation will be broken, and we shall enter upon a period of progressive disintegration. Before this process had advanced very far we would, if we had sufficient vitality, check it by reversion to tyranny and would hastily repair the bridges of absolute authority, and then proceed to fight the ancient battles for freedom all over again.

Sex and Modern America.

There are some indeed who think that this cyclic movement is the inevitable course of events, and that the period of break-up and anarchy has already begun. They point to America where they would say democracy has gone mad, and the younger generation, having broken to pieces the shackles and chains of a harsh and hypocritical puritanism, are now in full tide of revolt against any and every restriction upon their individual and personal liberty, and, armed with modern methods of birth control and untrammelled

freedom of thought and speech, are in a position to make their revolt effective. It is very difficult indeed to understand what is going on in America. Certainly books like those by Judge Lindsay on " The Revolt of Youth," and " Companionate Marriage " give one furiously to think. The amazing thing about them is not the evidence they give of a very widespread looseness and promiscuity, but the calm way in which it is assumed that the relation of the sexes is a purely personal matter and is devoid of any wider social significance whatever.

There is a blindness to deeper social issues displayed both by the writer and by those whose very human stories he records which is staggering. Everything goes to show that the ancient conflicts between the sexes and the generations are raging fiercely and very little effort is being made to heal them by a higher harmony. People are either pretending that they are not there or else endeavouring to find some easy compromise which evades the real issue. If one believed that Judge Lindsay's books gave a true picture of American society one would say that a day of reckoning could not for very long be postponed. But although the Judge does present with startling vividness one side of the picture, there is evidence enough, even in his books, to prove

that it is only one side of the picture and that the desire to build real homes and the power to build them is not dead or even dormant amongst the great mass of American people. It is to this desire and power, and not to any blind traditionalism, that one looks with hope for, and faith in, the future.

Not Merely a Question of Sex.

The real issue, it should be understood, is not the question of immorality in its narrow purely sexual sense, it is the question of immorality in its widest and deepest sense, the release from discipline, not merely or even primarily, of the sex impulse but of the whole complex of primitive impulses, the breeding of a people who never grow up but are like children tossed to and fro by every wind of passion and by the cunning craftiness of the old Adam which lies in wait to deceive and destroy the civilised man. It is a shallow and totally inadequate idea of monogamous marriage and the monogamous home to look upon it merely as an instrument of restraint upon the sex impulse, it is the training school for all the impulses, greed, egotism, pugnacity, self-display, fear, disgust, etc., and without that school, or some adequate substitute for it, social stability and social progress are

alike impossible. There are of course those who deny that social progress is possible in any case. They would say that the idea of transforming the warrior into the artist without destroying the essential warrior virtues is an empty dream. It is a dream that has haunted the minds of men for thousands of years but it is only a dream and can never become a reality.

Is Social Progress Possible ?

The ancient prophecy of universal peace these teachers would say can never be fulfilled—it is merely a poetic phantasy.

" And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots : and the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord ; and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord : and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears. But with righteousness shall he judge the poor and argue with equity for the meek of the earth : and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins and faithfulness the girdle of his reins. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed and their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cocatrice den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

Is that a prophecy that remains to be fulfilled or is it the romantic vision of a war-weary poet, who living in a land which was the cockpit of the ancient world and which echoed again and again to the tramp of mighty armies, soothed his stricken soul with the dream of universal peace when men would maim and mar God's world no more. That is the great question which the universal Sphynx hurls at our heads to-day as a matter of life and death. The answer that we give to it is all bound up with and dependent upon the answer that we give

to the question of the right relation between the sexes.

Someone Says "No."

In a paper which I received some time ago from a friend in South Africa I found reported a speech made by a gentleman who is a distinguished lawyer and a distinguished soldier—a colonel and a K.C. He was proposing the health of His Majesty's Forces, and some of his after dinner remarks remain, in the immortal phrase of the Bab Ballads, "photographically lined on the tablets of my mind when a yesterday has faded from its page." I remember them vividly because they give in plain and unmistakable terms one answer that can be made to the great question, Is peace possible? "No form of government," he said, "which does not in the last resort depend upon force can ever hope to succeed. Men will become less than men—they may become angels but they will be less than men—if they ever abandon war and take to universal love." Now that is a point of view clearly and unequivocally stated. I hold it to be false, but it is a clear statement of falsehood. I would have said that no government which in the last resort did depend upon force could hope to succeed.

To begin with it ought to be admitted that no form of government has ever yet succeeded. There is an old English country saying that "There's no bad beer, only some's not as good as others." We might adapt that and say "There's no good government, only some's not as good as others." There never has been any form of government which we would all agree to call good. They have all been more or less bad. But what I should have thought was obvious is that the more a form of government depends upon force—the more bad it is, and the less a form of government depends upon force—the less bad it is. If he had said that there never had been up to now any form of government which did not depend upon force to some extent, that would have been true, it is equivalent to saying that there never has been up to now a truly successful government. But the real question is what is "better" and what is "worse." What is the criterion of success? What are we to aim at? Are we to aim at the progressive elimination of force as a basis of government in the faith that finally we shall be able to do without it altogether? The gallant and learned speaker whose speech I have quoted would reply "No, certainly not." You are not to aim at the elimination

of force for two reasons: (*a*) Because it is impossible, and while it may be a good and heroic thing to attempt the dangerous and difficult, it is neither good nor heroic but merely silly to attempt the impossible; and (*b*) Because it would be bad for the race if it were possible, "men will be less than men if they ever abandon war and take to universal love." It is at this point that the gallant and learned gentleman seems to me to arrive at a position of direct contradiction of the teachings of Christ. It is either Christ or the Colonel K.C. for it—they cannot both be right. If the Colonel is right then Christ was and is wrong, dangerously and disastrously wrong. Herein lies the importance of the speech. After dinner speeches are not as a rule important, and this speech in itself would be as negligible as most if it were not that it states plainly and clearly what millions of men and women believe in a hazy kind of way.

Was Christ Wrong?

Christ from this point of view was a dreamer, a visionary, a sentimental idealist. His teaching was neither of nor for this world, and is best left out of account in practical affairs. From the practical point of view He was a teacher

of absurdities. "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also." What sort of mess would we be in if we really tried to practice that? I remember once in the North of England endeavouring to explain and interpret that saying to a large crowd in the open air, when an odd specimen of humanity with a heavily pock-marked face and red rims to his eyes looked up underneath another man's elbow and said: "That's all right and tha can do as tha likes, but I'm not going to be made a —— doormat of for nobody." It is the idea that Christ bids us do nothing in the face of evil, but simply lie down to be trodden on that makes His teaching seem absurd. But the man who, being smitten on the one cheek, deliberately turned the other would not be doing nothing, he would be doing what, for a free and full-blooded man, is the most difficult thing in the world to do. He would have to be a very remarkable person, a man devoid of fear, and a man devoid of fear is possessed of power—moral power. Even beasts are uncomfortable and cowed in the presence of the man who has cast out fear.

Moral Force and Physical Force.

What Christ is bidding us do is to substitute

moral force for physical force in our conflict with evil, and there is much more in that than appears on the surface. What moral force is it is difficult to say in words, but even now it is an immense and incalculable power in the world, and who can say to what lengths it can and will be extended. When the warrior man redeemed from fear pours all his energy, fire, intellect, and skill into creative conflict who can foretell the result. That at any rate Christ says is the way of destiny. To apply the principle practically to the problems of our day, we must begin at home. There is the relation of the sexes—men and women.

Between Men and Women.

That can be, and has very largely been, decided by force. Men have used their superior physical force to keep the woman in subjection—which is all that physical force can do. They have exploited her weakness for their own ends, and set up standards of absolute ownership and authority. But that method has broken down, moral forces have been too strong for it. At the present moment the result appears to threaten chaos, and that will surely come if we drift, but what is needed is more moral force to carry the conflict up to a creative level. If

we seek to evade the issue, inventing ingenious ways of escape when it becomes painful and difficult, then we must fail to become one flesh, and we shall never see the new creation perfected, the man that is really born of woman, the woman that is fully one with man. But if we face our conflict without fear—that fear which has haunted and hurt our relation to one another down the ages and has made us cruel to one another, if we face it determined to find our destined unity, that will be the beginning of a new stage in the coming of the Kingdom of God. As the man enters more and more fully into co-operation with the woman in the service of the future incarnate in the child, and learns to see in that service a sphere for the exercise of every power he possesses, moral force takes the place of physical force, and the Kingdom of God comes. This is the meaning and significance of our times. The age of politics is passing. The age of economics is at hand. The age of politics thought in terms of power. The age of economics is learning to think in terms of creative love. The age of politics was occupied with the problem of keeping order. The age of economics is concerned with the problem of keeping house. The age of politics was the age of the warrior. The age of economics is

the age of the woman. The truly modern mind is concerned not so much with ruling a world as with rearing a family. The creative purpose of the woman with the future of the world in her arms has laid hold upon our best minds and we cannot help thinking in terms of it. As this change in our outlook takes place it becomes more and more evident that for the new purpose the old power is no use. Physical force is power for the purpose of keeping order, but it is not power for the purpose of perfecting life. The knight in shining armour may be useful for the purpose of fighting a battle, but is merely ridicluous for the purpose of minding a baby. The wretched knight with his helmet on one side of his head and a squalling kicking baby in his arms is an excellent picture of a politician trying to deal with an economic problem. Mr. Cook on a platform shaking his fists and uttering frantic war cries while every moment markets dwindle, new substitutes for coal are discovered, pits deteriorate, and the grey spectre of inevitable poverty draws nearer, is the same picture in its tragic form. What the warrior wants is the woman with her market basket on her arm and a sting in the tail of her tongue. "Now, my dears, this swashbuckling business is all very well and

I admire your pluck, but it won't get bread for the babes or give us a decent home, you must find a better way. I don't want to wear the trousers, but I do want to make a home." When the warrior answers the challenge of the woman and throws himself into creative economics, and by putting his intellect, energy, and skill at the service of love arms himself with moral power then Christ is coming to His own and the Kingdom of God is at hand.

Between Old and Young.

It is the same with the relation of parents to children. Here is the second great conflict inherent in the home. The present with the past in its blood and bones meets with the future. This relationship also has been largely determined by physical force. But all that physical force could do was to impose the present on the future, to keep order, uphold tradition, and make a boy as good a man as his father. But now our whole idea of the purpose of the family has changed. We do not want the present to rule the future. We want the future to inspire the present. We do not want to keep order but to create life. We are not satisfied to make a boy as good a man as his father, we want him to be a great deal better.

Here again we are threatened with chaos, and it will surely come if we merely drift. If we spare the rod we shall certainly spoil the child unless we take to ourselves something better than a rod. For the new purpose the old power is no use, but there must be a new power. There can be no doubt that in these last days a great load of fear has been lifted from the lives of women and children. There still is wilful cruelty to children, but it is now perhaps the exception rather than the rule. No chapter in human history makes more tragic and terrible reading than the record of the relations of parents to children. Those who are acquainted with Dostoefsky's great novel "The Brothers Karamazov" will remember the terrifying argument against the possibility of a loving God which is based mainly upon that record. No one I think could read it unmoved. Even now the idea that childhood is always and inevitably a happy period is largely sentimental. The troubles of the child can be more difficult to bear, and more hurtful in their results than the troubles of later life when experience has taught us that clouds do roll away and sunshine follows storm. The child who has not the lessons of experience behind him is more easily tortured by life. Those who have to deal with mental troubles, nervous disorders, and moral

conflicts are always being called upon to deal with the results of childish miseries which only show themselves in later life. The case papers of any competent psychiatrist, priest, or doctor are often a revelation of what wilful or unwitting cruelty can do to maim a human life at its beginning. We are, thank God, becoming increasingly conscious of this, and a new vision of what our parenthood means is dawning upon us. But it is not enough, it is not nearly enough, to keep our hands off the children and prevent the natural conflict of youth with age from being a destructive conflict as it has been too often in the past. Here once more the woman calls the warrior to put the whole of his resources at the service of her own creative purpose and perfect the art of education. The warrior must without losing the warrior virtues become the artist and make the conflict of youth with age a creative conflict. It is already being done. The warrior has laid aside his helmet and his mail and has taken the fretful baby in his arms as tenderly as any woman. Names like Hadfield, McDougall, Schofield, Rivers, Shand and Crichton Miller come up before one's mind, warriors all, putting their energy, intellect, fire and skill at the service of the woman and the child. They hunt bugs and bacilli as their fathers hunted enemies and beasts, and track down disease to its germ

in body and mind, as their ancestors tracked their prey to its lair. But it will not do for us to delegate the whole of our parenthood to specialists, doctors, psychologists, schoolmasters and educationalists. Every child needs a father and a mother, a warrior and a woman, who, moving towards their destined unity in sacrificial love have gotten unto themselves moral power to create new life.

Those people who entering into marriage for their own pleasure, and looking upon it as a paradise rather than a pilgrimage are content either to live without children or to farm their children out to nurse-maids and foster parents from their birth are degenerate and unfit to breed the citizens of the future. They are indeed unfit to be citizens of the present, for it is not merely that the child needs parents, it is also that the parents need children, for the lessons that children teach their parents in a home that is really creative are a vital necessity if those parents are to be citizens of this new world city which is growing round about us whether we like it or not. The relation of parents to children is the classical form of the relation of the strong to the weak in the world. The conflict between youth and age is the typical conflict between natural strength and natural weakness.

Between Weak and Strong.

This conflict is fundamental to society, and if it is kept down, as it has in the past been kept down to the destructive level, and its solution sought in the exercise of physical force, there is no hope for the future. The conflict of the strong and the weak in society is the quite inevitable result of the wide differences between the inherited capacities of one individual and another. This is the root cause of what is popularly called the Class War.

The common sentimental conception is that the inequalities which exist among men, the extremes of riches and poverty, of power and of weakness have a purely economic origin, and are entirely due to defects in the social system. Class is looked upon as having an entirely accidental and economic basis only. Abolish all inequality of income and opportunity and men will then all be of one class, and class conflict will automatically cease to exist. But this very naïve notion is like endeavouring to cure a child of measles by a surgical operation removing the rash. It was the child that died. It is treating symptoms as though they were disease. Class has not merely an accidental economic but an inevitable biological basis. To ignore the natural basis of class and class conflict, as even Mr. Bernard Shaw's Socialism does, is to play at the

business, which is of course what Shaw is doing because he cannot do anything else. His is very high-class, not to say high-brow, fooling, but it is only fooling after all. There are born into the world by nature's decree every year first class, second class, and third class men, a very limited number of geniuses who are in a class by themselves, and a fairish crowd of fools and weaklings who are no class at all, bless them. Education, improved economic and social environment, and the grace of God can raise the level of all classes, but it cannot abolish or even seriously reduce the differences that nature makes between them. The effect of education and environment is limited by the capacity—the natural inherited capacity—of the individual to adapt himself to and profit by it.

The poor we have always with us and always will have. There are two distinct kinds of poverty: natural poverty and artificial poverty. There is the poverty of the normal man who through misfortune or injustice has never had a proper chance, and there is the poverty of the sub-normal man who could not take a chance if he had it. The first is artificial and ought to be abolished. The second is natural and cannot be abolished, though it could be made tolerable and not undignified. But even when this was

done and everyone was comfortable the possibility and occasion of class conflict would not be over and done with. It goes down much deeper than that. I do not of course pretend that the present social and economic classes correspond even roughly to the real classes. I am quite willing to admit that there may be some very low-class lords. Peerages were cheap and profits heavy during the war and post-war periods. There may also be some high-class paupers. There were men who went to fight their country's battles and came back to find that some unconscientious objector had seized their job. The present classes may not be the real classes but there are real classes. There always have been and there always will be the strong and the weak in the world, and the possibility of conflict between them.

Class War?

There always has been a class conflict and there always will be. Karl Marx was inconsistent even with his own philosophy when he supposed it would come to an end with the triumph of the proletariate, as though the proletariate were all one class. He was right when he made class conflict a prime factor in social change. It is. It always has been and always will be. The

conflict cannot be abolished without abolishing man. The question is as to whether it is to be a destructive or a creative conflict. Even in the darkest days it has never been purely destructive. The strong have always oppressed the weak. The tale of tyranny and man's inhumanity to man is a long and tragic one. But they have not only oppressed them, they have relieved, educated, and elevated them too. They have plundered and protected them; robbed, ruined and raised them; they have cursed and blessed them, murdered and made them according to the paradoxical custom of the strong. There is a very close parallel here between the family and the State.

There has been conflict at the heart of both. As husbands have exploited their wives, and parents their children, so kings have exploited their subjects and nobles the common people. But it has never been mere exploitation. It is at this point that red spectacles dim clear vision and a bitter heart clouds a clear head, and with disastrous results, because it makes men miss the real issue altogether. Looking upon the conflict of the past as purely destructive they seek to keep the present and the future conflicts down on the same level in the vain and romantic hope of gaining a victory for the working class and so

abolishing class conflict altogether. But that can never be. It is not meant to be. Once more it is a question of raising the conflict to a creative level by the substitution of moral for physical force.

So long as our politics are warrior politics with military metaphors and military thought they will be absurd as methods of dealing with modern problems. You might as well call upon women to conquer men, and children to conquer parents, as call upon class to conquer class. There is a good deal in common between the madness of a Marxian and the madness of a militant suffragette. There is method in the madness of both, but it is a wrong method. The warrior is out of date. The Kingdom of the creative artist is at hand. The great need of our day is mental and moral disarmament. We must eliminate the idea of conquest out of our hearts and minds. Conflict there will always be for the spirit of contradiction is the very nerve of life. That is what Christ meant when He said " I come not to bring peace but a sword."

Not Peace but a Sword.

The very idea of peace in which there is no conflict is what the psychologists call a compensatory phantasy, that is a dream to which the mind

betakes itself as a refuge from reality. When we are wearied with the perpetual conflict which is the essence of life we fall back upon the dream of passive peace. But it is a dream pure and simple and can never become a reality in this or any other life. It is really the negation of life. It is this negative phantasy which lies at the back of the mind of the sentimental pacificist. He envisages a world in which there would be no conflict between races, nations, classes, sexes, generations and individuals, nothing but rest and quietness. This is what many people mean by Peace in Industry. " God give me grace to fold my hands across my stomach and enjoy a comfortable going on." This purely phantastic world of passive peace and sentimental love quite naturally inspires the realist with impatience and contempt. He feels in his bones that it is bunkum, and dangerous bunkum at that. It was this idea I doubt not that our friend the Colonel K.C. was revolting against when he said " Men will be less than men if they ever abandon war and take to universal love." If they ever took to that kind of effortless, tensionless Love universally, they certainly would be less than men, they would be dead men, whatever they may be. I am not sure that there is such a thing as a dead man. There are dead bodies, but even they are mostly living parasites.

A dead man is a contradiction in terms, and so is "an effortless love" or "a conflictless peace." "There ain't no such an a thing." That double negative just does it. "There ain't no such an a thing" as a world where we all fall on one another's necks in a transport of perpetual emotion, and love one another so much that we never differ or conflict. Even heaven could not be like that or we should all run down to hell to escape eternal boredom. No, the only peace there is in reality is the Peace of God, and that is the Peace of the perpetually active creator, and it is a very strenuous thing, much more strenuous than fighting. It is a state of perpetual creative tension maintained without a break.

Creative and Destructive Conflict.

For us men destructive conflict is often a refuge from the unbearable strain of creative conflict. You see it in the sculptor who, wearied by the fruitless effort to call the beauty out, falls on the stone and raining blow on blow upon it savagely smashes it to bits. The artist reverts to the warrior because he cannot bear the tension of creative conflict any longer. You see it in the parent or teacher who loses his temper with a stupid or wayward child and utters threats or boxes his ears. The strain of creative conflict is

too great and the old warrior swings back to the forest and does a war dance round the school room waving a cane. Lord what fools we do look when we revert to rage! You saw it in 1926 when men wearied by months of creative effort over the coal problem, could stand it no longer and negotiations were broken off. Then immediately the war dance began. The air was filled with hoarse cries, threats and counter threats, boasts and counter boasts, a proper tribal squabble. It was such a relief. "Theirs not to reason why. Theirs but to do and die." It is so much easier to do and die than it is to reason why. Men have been doing and dying for millions of years. They have only just started to reason why. But if in the face of the modern world they continue merely to do, and refuse to reason why, there will have to be an awful lot of dying before we are through with it.

The Passing of the Warrior.

This simple soldier, happy warrior, *dulce et decorum* stunt, this consecrated sloth and stupidity which uses its head for the sole purpose of filling its absurd and ridiculous hat with plumes on it, is overdone and out-of-date. It was reduced to its final absurdity in the Kaiser Wilhelm's moustache. That silly face with the eagle helmet

and plumes remains to haunt us until we learn to laugh this warrior business out of the world with shrieks of bitter, tragic laughter ten times more terrible than tears. We must deceive ourselves no longer. If we go to war it is from weakness not from strength. If we arm it is because we are afraid. If we slay our enemies it is because we are too stupid, too cowardly, and too slothful to face the strain of making them our friends. If from behind vast armies and navies we hurl defiance at the world it is because terror has got us by the throat. It is blue funk that makes us fight one another. Men will be more—not less than men—if they ever abandon war and take to universal love. When the warrior and the woman truly mated bring forth the artist man who throughout the world turns destructive into consciously creative conflict, men will be more than men. And that is man's business here on earth, for we are here to grow.

VI

CREATIVE CONFLICT AND THE ECONOMIC FACTOR

Men and Machiavelli.

"THIS may be said generally of men: that they are ungrateful, voluble, deceitful, shirkers of dangers, greedy of gain: and, as long as you continue to bestow benefits upon them, all for you, offering you their blood, their property, their children, so long as you do not require them immediately; but when you demand payment of promises they will turn away if they can. Men have less respect to offer to a man who makes himself loved than to a man who makes himself feared, because love is held by a chain of obligation which, because men are of poor stuff, they will break away from as soon as occasion offers; but fear is held by a dread of punishment which is never lost."

This sorrowful conviction of the poverty of human nature was expressed by the great Italian Machiavelli five hundred years ago, and another great Italian, Benito Mussolini, has recently confirmed it saying "Much time has passed since then, but if I were allowed to judge my

fellows and my compatriots I could not attenuate in the least Machiavelli's verdict. I might even wish to go farther than he."

Now if that verdict be a true one not only as passed upon men five hundred years ago, but upon men as they are now, and as they will be five hundred years hence, then indeed the dream of universal peace and love, the transformation of destructive into creative conflict, of the warrior into the artist, is vanity and nonsense. It is perilous and pernicious nonsense, and any statesman who believes in it, and acts upon his faith is a fool. He is asking for trouble and will surely get it. If man is " of poor stuff " and can only be governed by fear then the warrior must continue to be lord of the world, and the woman must give him her babes to do with as he will. The old sad reason for child bearing must continue to be valid. " Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them ; they shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate." The supply of cannon fodder must be kept up. So long as men are governed by fear they will be governed by force. It is not courage that makes wars but fear. That is the truth we must lay hold on. If men ever abandon war it will be because they have conquered fear. But is that possible ?

Men and Benito Mussolini.

The conviction—the "sorrowful but justified conviction" as Mussolini calls it—that it is quite impossible underlies the policy of the Italian Dictator. He believes that war is inevitable and government by force the only possible government not because men will never become less than men but because they can never become more than men, and will always be afraid. His cynicism is I think nearer the truth than the sentimental Jingoism of our friend the Colonel K.C. Mussolini does not suppose that men go to war and appeal to force because they are gallant and courageous creatures. He sees the warrior naked with fear like a worm at his heart. It is this pessimism about human nature which underlies what is often called the realist outlook upon the world. It is the basis of the materialist conception of history. If you reduce it to its simplest terms the materialist conception of history is an attempt to interpret the history of man in terms of fear—the fear of poverty.

Men and the Materialistic Conception of History.

Those who would have us think this way tell us that if we want really to understand ourselves and the changing history of man, his customs,

laws, and intstitutions, his philosophies, and religions, his barbaric wars, and his short uncertain periods of peace, you must go down to the root of these things, and there you will always find one cause—Bread, daily bread, and the fear of the want of it, the fear of poverty. Life when you take the trimmings off is nothing but a battle for bread with the fear of poverty behind it.

Now that may seem to be a mean and sordid view of life and we might turn from it in disgust. And yet if we are honest with ourselves we shall I think be forced to admit that there is much truth in it, and we must be honest with ourselves. It is no use pretending. Indeed situated as we are now it is criminal to pretend. To quote Professor Huxley who, if he was not a great Christian, was a good and an honest man. " There is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind save in veracity of thought and of action and a resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe wherewith pious hands have sought to hide its uglier features has been stripped away." It is the bounden duty of every modern man to be a relentless realist.

The Battle for Bread.

Now for you gentle reader the battle for bread may be partly or wholly disguised. You may

have a job, a certain job, and you may work at it because it is your work and you love it. You are paid for your work but you do not work for your pay. That is true of me. I am paid to preach and paid to write exactly as a plumber is paid to mend pipes or a collier is paid to dig coal. I remember a Chairman who presided at one of my meetings and put me in an awkward fix about that. He made one of those very flattering speeches which chairmen often make, and finished up by saying that I was a purely voluntary worker. Now I put up with all the other things that he said—because he had to say something, poor man, and anyhow the audience did not believe a word of it—but the voluntary worker touch was too much. I could not sit down to it, so I explained that I was not a voluntary worker and did not quite understand what sort of a thing a voluntary worker was. A purely voluntary worker would have to be a man without a stomach, and I have five stomachs, my own, my wife's, and three children, and the last three are liable to considerable expansion in course of time. Sometimes when a man has what is called " money of his own " or " private means "—what an odd phrase that is—and then does a little work to justify his existence on earth—he is called a voluntary worker, but that is nonsense. He is paid and

often very much overpaid. The idea that because you can live on rent and interest without working you are therefore at liberty to do nothing by way of service to the community is a grossly immoral notion. If you take from the community without giving in return you are a thief. I heard of a miner the other day who worked all day in the pit and then conducted a boy's club and class at nights. He and such as he might be called voluntary workers and a proud title it is. But I am no voluntary worker.

Payment for Work and Working for Pay.

I am paid for my work. And yet I do not work for my pay. I hope the day may come when everyone will be adequately paid for his work, but no one will work for his pay. Payment is more than an incentive to work, it is a measure of its worth. Even if I write poetry—and God knows I do that for love—I would rather sell it than give it away. Not because I am greedy for gain, but because if I go round giving poetry away I do not know whether you really want it or not. You might take it very politely, but say to yourself " O Lord, here is this wretched man with his verses again. I wish he would keep them to himself." But if you pay for it, you want it. So my payment is my signed certificate that I am a genuine worker

and am producing what people want. Wages are a signed certificate for services done, and for that reason a man should be proud of his pay. It may be that you like me are paid for your work and yet hardly ever think of your pay. But if some one were to deprive us of our pay or cut it in half, we would think of it pretty quick wouldn't we? We should then be brought up against realities as people say. Well, there we are, take the trimmings off and there is the battle for bread. You apply for and get a job, and you are glad. You are not conscious of struggle with or against anyone. You feel at peace with all the world. But you get the job and someone else does not. Well he gets another job, you say. He may. But he may not. He may be looking for it yet with the fear of poverty behind him like a shadow all the time. There are over a million such in this country alone. There is the battle for bread. If you want to see it in its most brutal form, go down to the docks at Liverpool, Cardiff, Poplar or some other port and watch the men being taken on to unload the boats. I do not know upon what principle they are selected but watch the faces of the men who do not get the jobs, mark the fear in their eyes. There you see the battle for bread naked—and in its nakedness exceedingly

pitiful. Now when men live as close to the edge of things as that they can see little else in life—life is the battle for bread.

Christ and Parson's Trimmings.

How are we to reconcile that with the Christian view of life. " Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy Will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread." When you talk like that to a man who is down in it up to his neck, he is liable to say: " O Gawd! give! No one never gives me nothing. What I gets I damn well sweat for. I gets what I earns and not always that, because the boss bags some to pay for his women and their Ascot frocks. You and your gentle Jesus and your heavenly Father. All that's trimmings. Parson's trimmings."

What can one say to that? Are we to regard the Gospel picture of the Father and the human family as trimmings, as part of that " garment of make-believe wherewith pious hands have sought to hide life's uglier features." Is it just sentimental trimmings that only serve to cover up a nasty cruel mess? If so, I for one, would sooner be without it. It is nastier than the mess. I fear there is good deal of Christianity

which is nastier than the mess, more sinful than sin itself, because it is a stolen robe that covers up sin's nakedness. When religion gets away from its redemptive task and becomes a refuge from the mess it is meant to clean up —it goes rotten itself and stinks. People burn incense and load up their altars with lilies to smother the stink but you can smell it through them all. Religion that ceases to be redemptive becomes rotten with sects, schisms, and controversies. High Churches, Low Churches, Ritualisms and anti-ritualisms, and all the rest of it. How God must hate the smell of it all.

Battles do Not Make Bread.

But that is not the religion of Christ. He gets down to the root of the mess. There is the battle for bread, and it is bitter. But first of all let us get clear on this. The battle does not make the bread. The warrior wastes, he does not work. The battle never made two blades of corn grow where one blade grew before, it never made a pair of trousers or soled a pair of boots. There is only one thing that ever made bread and that is work. There never was a loaf of bread until there was a harvest and there never was a harvest until men learned to work together, and it is by working together

that men learn to love one another. It was by working together that men and women learned and still learn to love one another. Marriage was the first working partnership and love came with it. Love always follows work.

Bread—Work—Love.

Men do not love one another first and work together afterwards. They work together first and so learn to love one another. The area of possible peace on earth and good will amongst men has widened as the working unit has widened, from the family to the tribe, from the tribe to the nation. And now for the first time in history God has spoken and decreed that from henceforth the working unit of mankind should be as wide as the world. He has issued this decree not only by the mouths of his prophets but by the economic development which under His providence has taken place in the last hundred and fifty years. Without our intending it or knowing what we were doing the world has become one vast workshop in which every department depends upon and is linked up with all the others. But a warrior has no place in a workshop. He is nothing but an infernal nuisance. It is absurd for one department to go to war with another department and seek

to conquer it. Conquest has ceased to have any meaning in the world and the warrior is really out of a job. Now men may be " of poor stuff," but the fact that they have survived for millions of years and have become supreme over the rest of God's creation is proof positive that they have been able in the past to adapt themselves to their material environment, and to develop those qualities and powers which that environment demanded. There is only one end for the living creature which fails to adapt itself to its material environment and that is disappearance off the face of the earth. Man has not disappeared, in fact he has, when you take the long wide sweep of history, come on enormously. The fact that he has adapted himself in the past is a solid ground for faith and hope that he will do so in the future.

God and Economic Determinism.

I think it is perfectly true that bread, food, is the root of all things—and that the whole of human life, including law, philosophy, and religion has been deeply influenced and largely determined by the manner in which men have earned their daily bread. The economic factor has I believe been the ultimately decisive factor determining social change. But the purpose of God has been and is being worked out through

the economic factor. Economic pressure is not a substitute for, but an instrument of, divine providence. Bread is at the heart of all things but God is at the heart of bread. The manner in which modern man gets and must get his daily bread, demands and demands imperatively peace on the earth and good will amongst men. It demands that the warrior should fully and completely mate with the woman, and devote his warrior qualities and virtues undiminished and unimpaired to creative conflict in the service of the future incarnate in the child. There is however it must be insisted nothing automatic, inevitable, or mechanical about this destined development. It is like all human affairs a matter of life and death, and there is always the possibility of death, and the way of death. The way of death is divorce, the divorce of the warrior from the woman, and the degeneration of creative into destructive conflict.

Death and Capitalism.

Both Capitalism as based upon the Manchester school, and Socialism as based upon the Marxian school are in the way of death. Capitalism really assumes that the conflict of the sexes, generations, classes, nations, and races can remain consciously and ethically on the destructive level, and yet

be unconsciously and unintentionally creative. The nature of things is supposed to be such that each part in serving its own interests cannot help but serve the whole. The clash of conflicting interests is inevitably creative. The instinct of self-preservation and expansion in the individual and the group is by a mysterious economic law of necessity over-ruled to the benefit of the race. A conscious, individual or corporate, creative purpose is assumed to be both impossible and unnecessary. If everybody minds his own business the business of the world will look after itself. Industrial and commercial patriotism is a dream and industrial and commercial internationalism is a madness. "Seek ye first what ye shall eat, and what ye shall drink, and wherewithal ye shall be clothed and the Kingdom of God shall be added unto you."

This great faith in which millions have laboured, lived and died, and sometimes endowed Christian Churches is based upon the uncritical naturalism which dominated the mind of the nineteenth century and adopted the unfortunate Charles Darwin as its high priest. Nature does over-rule the destructive conflict of the animals for a creative purpose. They do serve each its own passion for self-preservation and expansion, and nature sees to it that the species

is maintained and improved. Love is not necessary for the creation of animals. Lust is enough. The male animal need not marry or learn to love his mate, it is enough if he seek to satisfy himself, and nature sees to the rest. On the animal level the creative purpose of conflict necessarily remains unconscious. But the birth and growth of consciousness alters the whole situation. If the animal conflict is not consciously creative, neither is it consciously destructive, it is not in the human sense a conscious conflict at all.

From the Unconscious to the Conscious.

But the growth of consciousness is the hall-mark of humanity, and the rapidity of that growth is the distinctive feature of our times. The definite shifting of the stress of importance in the construction of the human soul from the unconscious to the conscious is the decisive spiritual change in modern man. A million things which our fathers did and suffered without thought, doubt, or question, driven by the unconscious forces of their nature, we do or refuse to do, suffer or rebel against suffering, with a torment of thoughts, doubts, and questions at us and in us all the time. There has of course been a more or less continuous growth in the

area and vividness of consciousness throughout history, but the process has been greatly accelerated in our times. We have at last, by a vital paradox more vivid and challenging than the verbal one we use to describe it, become conscious of the unconscious. We know, that is, that we do things without knowing why we do them, and we resent and are troubled by it. We feel that the integrity and sanity of our individual souls and of human society is threatened by forces within us that we cannot understand. We are learning to dread these things that we do "naturally" and without knowing why, and our dread is not unjustified.

Now so long as the conflicts in our own souls and in society were largely unconscious they were able to serve an unconsciously creative purpose even when they were destructive in form. They were not consciously destructive. But now if we are destructive at all we must become more and more consciously destructive. This is a momentous and epoch making change. It is to put it mildly extremely doubtful whether a consciously destructive conflict can serve any creative purpose at all. If individual consciousness, sex consciousness, youth and age consciousness, class consciousness, national and race consciousness become destructive, and the

conflicts of individuals, sexes, generations, nations, and races become consciously destructive conflicts, there will be lighted upon earth such a burning fiery furnace of hatred as will send all civilisation up to the skies in smoke.

Now that might seem to be an impossible prospect, and because I believe in God I believe it is. But only because I believe in God and therefore believe in Man as God's son capable of developing an individual and corporate consciously creative purpose, and of turning these conflicts into consciously and deliberately creative conflicts. I do not believe, and fail to see how any one can believe in any inevitable providence or mechanical destiny whereby apart from the development in mankind of a corporate and conscious creative purpose we can be saved from disruption into bloodshed and anarchy.

Conciously Creative Conflict.

I have not the slightest doubt that the whole of the means of production, distribution, and exchange must be nationalised, in the sense that they must be worked for the good of the nation by men and women possessed of, and indeed possessed by, a creative patriotism which makes them conscious servants of the community who find the worth and meaning of their lives

in that service. Nor have I any doubt that the whole of the means of production, distribution, and exchange throughout the world must be internationalised, in the sense that they must be worked by nations of men and women who are possessed of and possessed by a creative passion for the Kingdom of God upon earth which makes them conscious servants of that Kingdom who find the worth and meaning of their individual and national lives in that service. But if this great destiny is to be worked out it can only be as the natural conflicts between the sexes, ages, classes, natons, and races which must ever remain as the central nervous system, sensitive and irritable because very much alive, of that vast unity of differences which is the Kingdom of God, are raised from the destructive to the consciously creative level and decided by moral rather than by physical force. The sentimental idea that these natural conflicts will one day cease altogether and give place to an era of "Peace, perfect Peace" to soft music in the minor key during which we shall all "luvv" one another so dearly that we shall only bill and coo and clash of any kind will be unknown is, thank God, a phantastic nightmare born in the minds of world-weary and soul-sick people, and bearing no sort of relation to

reality. Everything goes to show that with the growth of consciousness, individual and corporate, the occasions of conflict will multiply and the clash of interests become more, and not less, intense. I do not see how national governments possessed of no corporate creative purpose can expect, in the face of this increasingly conscious conflict, to maintain national unity merely by keeping order and forcibly preventing consciously destructive conflicts from proceeding to the logical limits of destructiveness. Still less do I see how a world composed of nations increasingly conscious of their nationality can be saved from complete and utter disruption unless by the development of a world-wide corporate and consciously creative purpose which will raise the quite inevitable conflicts arising between them up to the creative level and decide them by moral, rather than by physical force.

The hope that while these nations remain armed to the teeth for destructive conflict and determined to preserve their sovereign independence at all costs, we can be preserved from world suicide by some delicately adjusted and constantly changing balance of power seems to me to be the forlornest of all forlorn hopes —except one.

Death and Scientific Socialism.

The most forlorn hope, desperate and mad, is the one upon which what is called Scientific Socialism is based. According to this all the vertical divisions that exist in human society and the natural conflicts arising out of these divisions, the conflicts of individuals, sexes, ages, nations, and races will be in time reduced to one great division and one great conflict, the conflict of the economic classes. This reduction to unity of the conflicts will take place inevitably by reason of economic pressure and in accordance with the laws of economic determinism, but can and must be hastened by an energetic propaganda of class war. This propaganda should have a twofold purpose. (*a*) The intensifying of class consciousness and the consequent sharpening of the conflict. (*b*) The keeping of the conflict steadily down to the destructive level and preaching it as a war in which it is treachery to treat with the enemy, and high treason to co-operate with him. If these two purposes be kept constantly in view the day of Revolution can be hastened. When that happy day has dawned then the process will be complete. All social conflicts having been reduced to one, and that one having been decided by the victory of the proletariate,

no occasion of serious conflict will remain and, after a comparatively short period of dictatorship, the higher phase of Communist society will begin, " When," to quote Karl Marx in the Gotha Programme, " the slavish subordination of the individual to the yoke of the division of labour has disappeared, and when concomitantly the distinction between mental and physical work has ceased to exist ; when labour is no longer the means to live, but is in itself the first of vital needs ; when the productive forces of society have expanded proportionally with the multiform development of the individuals of whom society is made up—then will the narrow bourgeois outlook be utterly transcended and then will society inscribe upon its banners : " From every one according to his capacities ; to every one according to his needs." Then, to quote Lenin in his " State and Revolution," " men will voluntarily work according to their capacities. There will be no need for any exact calculation by society of the quantity of products to be distributed to each of its members ; each will take freely ' according to his needs.' " O happy day in which each may work at what and for how long he likes, and each will find to hand such an abundance of articles of consumption that he may take freely whatever

he desires. But alas! between us and that glorious vision of unlimited consumption there are I fear insurmountable obstacles.

Three Snags in the Way.

First of all, the extreme stubbornness of the other natural conflicts which must be abolished by absorption into the class conflict. With the growth of consciousness it is probable that these will increase rather than diminish in intensity. I cannot dismiss individual consciousness with its craving for liberty and the consequent conflict of the individual with society as a bourgeois superstition. I cannot believe that the individual will easily consent to be absorbed into a class or any larger unit at the sacrifice of his individual consciousness. It is of course easier for a Russian to conceive this as possible because the Russian mind has an oriental strain, and the Eastern mind has always been fascinated by the idea of absorption into a larger whole. There is no doubt that this Eastern longing lies at the back of the appeal of Communism of the Russian people. Even the limited study of their writings in defence of Bolshevism which I have been able to make is sufficient to convince me of that. But this weakness in individual consciousness runs clean contrary to the development of the Western

soul in which individual consciousness tends and I believe will tend to grow stronger rather than weaker.

We shall have more to say subsequently about this difference between the Eastern and Western minds, and shall I think be brought to see that the absorption of the individual entails the death of the warrior man and the destruction of his warrior qualities and virtues rather than the transformation of the warrior into the artist with those qualities and virtues intensified and intact. Suffice it to say at present that any attempt to secure equality at the expense of liberty, and social unity at the sacrifice of personality, will, I believe, encounter strenuous opposition from the most vigorous and vital peoples of the West, an opposition which in itself would be sufficient to render abortive both the communist method of class warfare and the end it is devised to attain. Nor does there seem to be any ground for supposing that national consciousness will decline in intensity. Just as the drawing together of individuals by economic development has not tended to destroy individual consciousness but rather to intensify it by the inevitable clash with other individuals, so the drawing together of the nations by economic pressure does not tend to destroy national consciousness but rather to

intensify it by the inevitable clash with other nations. The instinct of self preservation in the nation tends to develop resistance against death by absorption into an undifferentiated whole. The Socialists had a grevious disappointment in 1914 because they had entirely miscalculated and underestimated the strength of national consciousness. Since then there has been no decrease but rather a marked development of nationalism in the world, and that development is not finished. The hope therefore of substituting class for national warfare is a vain one. The same truth holds in relation to race consciousness, modern world unification has not tended to lessen but rather to increase its power in the world, and that tendency is by no means yet worked out. These conflicts then will persist and refuse to be absorbed into the class conflict or to disappear under the rule of the proletariate.

The second great obstacle to the Scientific Socialist dream is the utter impossibility of making a consciously destructive conflict serve a creative purpose. The idea that you can raise a social conflict to the maximum intensity of conscious destructiveness necessary to make a revolution and then use the energy so generated for creative and constructive purposes is romantic. It is the old fallacy of the war to end war, any belief in

which the experience of Europe during the last fourteen years ought to have been driven out of our minds for ever. The passions by which a destructive social conflict is carried through are the primitive, destructive, and anti-social passions and when they are let loose and stimulated they act as a poison in the soul of society and tend to make any constructive or creative social work impossible. When the "enemy" has been conquered the forces of antagonism and hatred tends to break out in the victorious party and tear it to pieces by eternal dissension. It is for this reason that tyranny tends to follow war as the only defence against anarchy. The final and decisive obstacle to the Socialist dream is the fact already touched upon that the class conflict has a natural and biological and not merely an artificial economic basis, and that all idea of putting an end to it by the conquest of one class by another is illusory. New classes would inevitably emerge in the conquering class, and the clash between the strong and the weak, the leaders and the led begin all over again.

The Only Way.

There is therefore no hope that the way of death which divorces the warrior from the woman and aims at keeping social conflicts upon a des-

tructive level and deciding them by conquest and physical force can lead to anything but death. There is only one way of life and that is the raising of the natural conflicts up to the consciously creative level and the deciding of them by moral force. And we can only walk in this way as the warrior mates with the woman in an increasingly permanent working union whereby his warrior qualities and virtues are put, without diminishment of their force or intensity, at the service of the future incarnate in the child. The way of social life begins at home.

VII

CHRIST AND CIVILISATION

The Centrality of Jesus.

IN the vast cosmic movement which is civilisation in its truest and highest sense, the movement whereby the warrior is transformed into the artist by more and more perfect marriage with the woman, and the fire, energy, intellect, and skill of the hunting, fighting, destroying male is progressively moulded without loss of power to the creative purpose of the female with the future in her arms, the coming of Jesus of Nazareth is the great epoch-making crisis. The importance of that event is not in any way exaggerated by our custom of cutting history in two and dating events either B.C. or A.D. That is a tremendous claim. It is a claim to nothing short of Divinity, and we must now ponder over our reasons for believing that Jesus of Nazareth has a right to make it. I am bound to confess that the ordinary arguments both for and against the Divinity of Christ leave me completely cold, unconvinced, a little irritated, and much bewildered. It is doubtless due to my intellectual and spiritual

limitations but half my time I cannot make out from Adam what the theologians would be at when they begin discussing Humanity and Divinity. And now they have made it more puzzling by bringing in Deity. In order to be properly orthodox you must believe not only in the Divinity but in the Deity of Jesus. All this reduces me to despair. It may mean a great deal and my inability to grasp its meaning may be due to my own stupidity and sinfulness. I am sure some of it is. But there may be other people who because they are as stupid if not as sinful as I, cannot take it in either, and I may be able to help them.

The Divinity of Christ.

To me the question "Was Jesus Christ Divine?" resolves itself into two quite plain and very challenging questions.

(1) Was the kind of human life that Jesus lived on earth the kind and quality of human life that every man and woman is meant to aim at living?

(2) Was the universe made and is it sustained by God to enable man to learn and live that life, and is it so constituted that he can live that life in it?

One of these questions concerns man and his nature. The other concerns the universe and its nature. One concerns the human creature and the other concerns the environment of the human creature, and it is with these two things that we are inevitably concerned, ourselves and our environment. The real attack upon the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ is not I believe concerned with metaphysics at all, it is the blunt declaration that He was wrong both about the nature of man and the nature of his environment. The defence of the doctrine must proceed along those lines. Of course our only concern with the doctrine is the question as to whether it is true or not. If it is not true nothing ought to induce us to defend it, indeed it would be our bounden duty to attack it tooth and nail. But the questions we have to consider in attacking or defending it are these two questions about the nature of man and the nature of the universe. If Jesus Christ was wrong on these two issues then no metaphysical considerations whatsoever could establish His Divinity. If Jesus Christ was right on these two issues then no metaphysical considerations whatsoever could add any further meaning to His Divinity.

Supernatural but Not Unnatural.

It is no argument against, but rather an argument for, His Divinity, if the human life that He lived on earth was " supernatural " in the sense that it was beyond what our human nature is now or ever has been capable of living. For if He was to reveal to imperfect and sinful creatures their perfection and point the way of destiny He would have to live a life beyond their present, or nearly future powers, to attain. But it is an argument, the great argument, against his Divinity if the human life that He lived on earth was " unnatural " in the sense that it was a life for which ordinary human nature was not meant and is permanently unfitted. It is also an argument against His Divinity if His picture of the universe as created and governed by a Being like Himself, a God of Love, is false, and the real universe is quite unfitted as an environment for creatures striving to live by His Law of Love. Indeed the real question is not whether Christ is Divine but whether the Divine—meaning by that word the final reality—is Christ-like, and is an environment fitted for the Christ life. It might be argued that even though the universe were totally unfitted as an environment for the Christ life, and human nature quite incapable of attaining to it, yet the

Christ life is so obviously good and beautiful that we ought to aim at it. But that brings us face to face with the gravest issues.

The Danger of Christ.

Suppose that in our efforts to bring up children by the law of love we spoil and ruin their characters and make them a plague to themselves and other people because they really require the rod and plenty of it. Suppose that in our efforts to rule India by love we let loose another Indian mutiny or left the country to be torn by dissensions and bloody massacres. Suppose that in our attempt to manage Industry by the law of love we find that we encourage sloth, put a premium on inefficiency, and fail to make the thing pay, because men need and must have the prospect of gain, the fear of want, and the possibility of destitution to drive them to put forward their best efforts. It is all very well to adopt a high and mighty attitude and to throw scorn upon the idea of " making Industry pay," as being basely materialistic. It sounds very well in a propaganda speech to thunder against production for profit. Many prophets have lived by denouncing profits, but theirs is very cheap and shallow prophecy. It is based upon an altogether insufficient analysis of the source and functions of " private profit,"

arising out of an uncritical acceptance of the Labour Theory of Value.

Prophets and Profit.

Private Profit has a threefold function. It acts :—

1. As an incentive to production.
2. As a measure of the value of production.
3. As the source of all provision for future production.

In order to abolish private profit it is necessary to discover another equally powerful incentive to production. And whether that incentive can be discovered and made operative or not depends upon human nature, upon what it now is, and what it is capable of becoming. If men are of such a nature that they must always have either the fear of personal poverty or the hope of personal gain as a direct incentive to induce them not merely to work but to do their best, then the abolition of private profit is impossible unless we are prepared either to compel men by physical force and fear to do their best, which is probably impossible, or to be content with a lower standard of life, which is obviously undesirable. From the point of view of incentive then private profit is

not lightly or easily to be dispensed with. The possibility of dispensing with it or even of making private profit progressively subordinate to public good depends upon whether Jesus was right or wrong about human nature. Moreover if private profit is to be abolished it is necessary to discover an alternative method of estimating the value of things produced, and thus ascertaining how far Industry is performing its basic function of supplying people with what they want. At present this estimate of value is arrived at roughly by the haggling of the Market in the workings of which the hope of private profit is a dominant motive. It is much easier to criticise and condemn the methods of the market than to propose a practical alternative. In any case the possibility of abolishing the market or even of reforming its methods and improving their results depends upon whether Jesus was right or wrong about human nature.

Finally if private profit is to be abolished it is necessary to discover an alternative method of deciding what proportion of the total yearly product of the community is to be used for immediate consumption and securing the present general standard of life, and what proportion is to be reserved for the purpose of maintaining and possibly improving that general standard of life

in the future. At present this conflict between the interests of the present and the interests of the future, which underlies the conflict between Capital and Labour, is fought out upon the Money and Labour markets, and again it is much easier to criticise the methods and socially anomalous results of the market, than to propose any workable alternative. Certainly the bare possibility of any alternative method or even of improving the present methods and modifying their anti-social results depends very largely upon whether Jesus Christ was right or wrong about human nature. Volumes of course could have been written upon this subject but enough I hope has been said here to make it plain that either private profit or some working alternative to private profit which would fulfil the same functions with equal or increased efficiency is a necessity for Industrial life, and that the scorn of making Industry " pay " is the result of that cheap and shallow " pure spirituality " which looks upon the body as the enemy of the soul, and talks as though it were true that because man does not live by bread alone, he therefore does not need bread at all.

Needs and Wants.

Of course these difficulties could be largely overcome if " bread " meant only bread, if having

food and raiment we could therewith be content; if, that is, the wants of men could be reduced to the level of their basic needs. It is about the wants of men that all the trouble is. It is because some men claim and will have what they want even though others have not what they need that conflicts and difficulties arise.

There is at the bottom of our civilisation a great measure even now of "the good old rule, the simple plan, that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can." We have indeed learned by bitter experience that the rule though undoubtedly old is neither so good nor so simple as was once supposed, but the possibility of rising above it and dispensing with it depends upon human nature, its wants and its powers. It depends upon how far those who have the power can be persuaded or compelled, while putting forth the fullness of their power on behalf of the community, not to take from it more than is consistent with the common good and to forego the satisfaction of their wants at any rate until such times as their fellow men have satisfied their needs. Compulsion in this connection is, on any deep consideration of the matter, really out of the question since those alone who have the power are able to compel. It boils down therefore once more to man's capacity for learning love, that is

to the question of whether Jesus Christ was right or wrong about human nature.

The Ascetic Solution.

The ascetic solution of the problem which would cut the Gordian knot by reducing all men's wants to the level of their basic needs continues to haunt the mind of modern man, and is a fruitful cause of conflict in the souls of the morally sensitive members of the community. The people who are really anxious to do what is right are apt to be uncomfortable about being comfortably off. I myself am uncomfortably comfortably off, and am inclined to view even such moderate riches as I possess with suspicion and to wonder, sometimes not a little miserably, whether it is possible, even with God, for the camel to pass through the needle's eye, and the " rich " man, even when he " earns " —whatever that may mean—his income, to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

This internal conflict arising out of the ascetic ideal and its results are perfectly described in Hermann Keyserling's " Travel Diary of a Philosopher," " Since ninety-nine out of a hundred men prefer comfort to perfection."—(Think long and deep, my gentle reader, before you claim to be one of the one per cent., ponder well the meaning of those two words " comfort " and

" perfection." It may be that yours is only a Ford, but it is a grave question. Can a " perfect " Christian ever afford a Ford ?) " Since ninety-nine out of a hundred men prefer comfort to perfection, the continuance of ascetic ideals leads to a constant opposition between intimate volition (those wants again) and presupposed duty, which is a state of affairs inevitably followed by evil consequences. The man who abides by the traditional (ascetic) ideals has a bad conscience continually—which is the most undesirable thing which could happen to anyone ; the man who despairs of these ideals tends to despair of ideals altogether, and becomes a crass materialist ; and he who doubts them but does not despair acquires that fundamental trait of inward frailty which characterises the modern man of culture more than anything else ; and all of them lack that idealism which alone leads up and on." That is a searching bit of diagnosis. Most of us could match the types from amongst our acquaintances. The really anxious worried man who perpetually wonders whether he has a right to anything and salves his conscience by giving away, not very wisely, more than he can afford. Haunted as he passes down Mean Street by the awful words " If thou would'st be perfect, sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," he gives, and yet

is so disgusted with the results of his giving that at times he almost hates the poor. Not infrequently he is driven to form an unnatural alliance with the second type and in a nervous, irritable way he tries to adopt the attitude of the tough-minded cynic, and repeats all the easy speeches that comfort cruel men. In that case he reads Dean Inge's "Outspoken Essays" and flys for his soul's solace to the *Morning Post*. It is the tragic alliance of the first two types that constitutes the main force of reaction in the modern world. The third agnostic type, sometimes amiable and smiling, sometimes caustic and superior talks a great deal but gets nowhere because it has nowhere to get to.

Two ways open.

Keyserling's conclusion is, as it seems to me, as masterly as his diagnosis. "What is to be done," he continues, "to evade this evil? Two ways, and no more, are open. The one consists in renouncing the struggle after material good, the other in sanctifying this struggle. The first (the ascetic way) which is preached and embarked upon again and again, does not lead to the goal and cannot lead there, because renunciation is unnatural to the Westerner; not one in a million of white men will choose poverty when wealth

seems attainable. Therefore only the other way remains." We must seek to sanctify the struggle after material good. It should be added as Keyserling makes abundantly clear in other passages of his book that the way of universal renunciation is not only "unnatural to the Westerner" but is incompatible with civilisation of any sort, for one side of civilisation necessarily depends upon the multiplication and not the reduction of wants, the multiplication of wants being what is generally called "the raising of the standard of life." The very meaning of civilisation might well be defined as the "sanctification of the struggle for material good," and that too is one side of the meaning of the coming of the Kingdom of God upon earth.

Suppose it is not possible.

But, to return now to our main point, suppose that because of the nature of the universe and because of the nature of man the sanctification of the struggle for material good is impossible, and we must choose between sanctification and material good.

Suppose in fact that Machiavelli was right about man and man's world when he said, "As is demonstrated by all those who reason regarding civil life, and as all histories are full of examples

to illustrate, it is necessary for him who has the directing of a republic and who has the ordering of its laws to presuppose all men to be bad, and to exploit the evil qualities in their minds whenever suitable occasion offers. . . . Men never effect good actions save from necessity; but where freedom abounds, and where licence can come about everything is filled immediately with confusion and disorder!" Suppose all these and other like things are true, and they are not wild or unheard of suppositions, they very fairly represent what thousands, aye millions of sober, sane men have thought and do think. If these suppositions be true is Christ Divine? If all our efforts to order our lives according to His laws are doomed to failure from the start because in making these efforts we are really acting unnaturally—breaking the laws of our own nature and flying in the face of the universe—what is the meaning of His Divinity?

This it seems to me is the challenge which Christ flings at us down the years. Do you believe that I am right about Man and the Universe? Are you prepared to adventure your lives and the lives of those who love on the faith that I am right? That appears to me to be the real test of our belief in His Divinity and not the acceptance of any metaphysical truth. Put that way it is a very

terrible and searching challenge and one trembles to take it up. It is so deadly dangerous.

Dare we be Christian?

There is nothing dangerous about accepting the metaphysical doctrine of Christ's Divinity or Deity. It is a perfectly safe and respectable thing to do. But this is another matter. This is serious. If we are wrong about this and we act upon it, we are going to land ourselves into trouble, grave and terrible trouble. Trusting in God and Providence may be all right provided you keep your powder dry, but this means trusting in men, it means trusting in one another and that is an awful prospect. I say that in all seriousness. It is really an awful prospect. Dare we as a nation with all we love at stake trust other nations? Dare we as employers with our business in the balance trust our workpeople? Can we as workpeople with all the interests of our class to lose trust the bosses? Dare we as parents with all their future to consider trust our sons and daughters? Dare we as husbands and wives trust one another? Must we not protect ourselves at every turn? Is it not our duty to be on our guard? Does this love business work? Will it ever work? Can we afford to dispense with force and fear in a world of men who are "un-

grateful, voluble, deceitful, shirkers of dangers, greedy of gain ? " I think that if we are perfectly honest with ourselves most of us will answer " No—we can't. At least not altogether. Not at once."

Christ and Compromise.

You want to compromise ? All right. I agree. I am not despising compromise. But must we remain satisfied with compromise ? Is it all we can aim at or expect ? As I say I do not despise compromise. Temporary compromise is a necessity inherent in the working out of a creative conflict under conditions of time. We all compromise. God Himself compromises. Or if He does not I am blessed if I understand history at all. " I have many things to say unto you but ye cannot bear them now." It is only fools and fanatics who think they can escape from compromise and they are grossly self-deceived. But a permanent compromise—to settle down and be satisfied with a compromise—if that is necessary because of the nature of man and of the universe, was Christ Divine ? I do not see how He can be. Here we reach the very heart of the matter. Life is not a state but a movement and it is the direction of the movement and its continuity that matters. That we should move, keep moving,

and moving in the right direction that is the prime necessity for the good life. Did Christ in his human life on earth reveal the direction in which we ought to move corporately and individually? and is He right in His assertion that the final reality of the universe is of such a nature that in moving that way we shall become more and more perfectly adjusted to our true environment? If He did reveal the way of human destiny and is right in His assertion as to the nature of the universe, then He was Divine and no metaphysical statements can for me add any further meaning to His Divinity. It is this and nothing more or less than this that I profess my belief in when I say "I believe in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord."

If on the other hand He did not reveal the way of human destiny and was wrong in His assertion as to the nature of the universe He was not only not Divine, He was not even human, He was degenerate and diseased. If He was not the Saviour, He is the arch-enemy of the human race. If He is not worthy to be crowned, He ought to be crucified, and that quickly before He has by His sentimental drivellings sapped away the strength of the strong and plunged the world into the darkness of anarchy and decay. Either of those two attitudes toward Christ I can understand.

The Gospel of Good Nature.

But the attitude which appears to me both incomprehensible and intensely dangerous is the half-hearted acceptance of the Christian ethic of love combined with a denial of the Christian religion. This is incomprehensible in theory, because it means that we must try to live a life for which we are by nature unfitted in the face of an environment inevitably hostile to it, and it is intensely dangerous in practice because it leads to the abandonment of physical force with nothing to take its place. It leads to the taming and disarming, not the transformation of the warrior, to the loss and destruction and not the consecration of his warrior qualities and virtues. It means in fact the substitution of a shallow sentimental humanitarianism for vigorous and vital religion, and this is disastrous. The inevitable result of it is that in time, as weakness and muddling land us into impossible positions, the artificial veneer rubs off and the naked, shivering fear-ridden savage returns to his primitive filth and ferocity. We hesitate and good naturedly wobble our way into some terrible crisis, and then hack and butcher ourselves out of it with bloody hands and terror in our eyes. From this weak-kneed, sophisticated, pseudo-gospel of good nature, the "all this old world needs is the art of being kind" business,

which debauches man, vulgarises God, and destroys all sense of the sublime in life and death, may the Good Lord deliver us before it is too late and its results have to be atoned for by tears, and by the terror, and by fires that are not quenched.

VIII

JESUS THE CREATIVE WARRIOR

What Kind of Life Did Jesus Live?

WAS the kind of human life that Jesus lived on earth the kind and quality of human life that every man and woman is meant to aim at living? Our answer to that great and challenging question obviously depends upon the answer we give to another question, "What kind of human life did Jesus live on earth?" The difficulty of answering that question is one of the great difficulties of gaining and holding the Christian Faith. Obviously the only way in which a man could answer fully in words would be to write a life of Christ. I once received from a firm of publishers an invitation to attempt that task, and I am not ashamed to confess that as I sat in my study and thought over the offer the tears came scalding the back of my eyes and rolled down my cheeks. I could not and I knew I could not. I cannot and I know I cannot. I am not fit. God help me. And yet here I am compelled to do something very like it if I am to go on with this account of the faith

that is in me. The temptation to abandon it is very strong, it always is. It comes over me as I sit down to write as it comes over me when I stand up to preach, the temptation to give up talking and writing, not because there is nothing to say, but because what I have to say cannot be said, and certainly cannot be said by me or such as me. The only thing that drives me on is the knowledge that the feeble attempts I have made to say it, seem for some mysterious reason to have helped other people in the past and may for that same reason, and only for that, help people in the future.

On " Lives " of Christ.

I have read many lives of Christ, some good, some bad, some indifferent as it seemed to me. But I always lay them down with the same feeling. This man has told me a little about Christ and a lot about himself. This is not so much his judgment on Christ as Christ's judgment on him. I read Renan's " Vie De Jesus " and I feel that I understand Renan and the rationalistic sentimentalism of a nineteenth century French artist of second-rate calibre, but Jesus in the majesty of unutterable beauty remains beyond the reach of words. I read Emil Ludwig's " Son of Man " and I feel that I understand something of Ludwig and the pessimistic cynicism of a twentienth

century German Jew, who has lived through tragic and torturing times, but Jesus in the sunshine that no cynic ever sees stands still beyond the reach of words. And yet, though it was but a little, each of these fellow men of mine told me something of Jesus because they both honestly tried to express Him. It was but a little, but a little of Jesus may go a long way, and that is my hope. There is in Viscount Haldane's "Philosophy of Humanism" a passage over which I have pondered much, and the more I ponder over it the truer and deeper it seems to be. It is not easy, but I dare not paraphrase, and so must quote and ask my reader to read and think it over more than once.

The Transforming Man.

"There is always some kind of uniqueness in the men whom the world distinguishes as leaders, something that appeals to the imagination. No man is great merely because he preaches a particular doctrine. Whether it be in his deeds, or in his words, or in his writing, what moves those who follow him is what is beyond his mere doctrine, that in him which fires the imagination and makes others feel that in him there is what cannot be adequately described or forecast. He is for them an individual marked out from the others around him by a quality that cannot be exhausted in any

phrases. It suggests what cannot be included in any abstract description. The universal is there, but in union with a particularity that gives it dynamic force. Here also we have the concrete universal, and we feel that in his way, if we recognise him as a leader, we shall not look on just the like of this man again. Thought and will are not really different in nature. Both are activity, both dynamic in their capacity to transform their object world. It is only in the form of the transformations they bring about that they differ. The great man is the transforming man. If he be an administrator of genius he will compel those around him to do his will by the inspiring power he brings to bear on them. If he be of the first order in literature or science he will create a school of disciples, inspired by faith, by the sense of what is unseen, and not merely by notional agreement with what he lays down. To exercise such power and to bring its might to fruition may in some cases require time, while in others the result comes quickly."

Jesus the Transforming Man.

There is a great depth of truth in that and we can see down into its depths most clearly if we apply it to Jesus of Nazareth. He was not great merely because He preached a certain doctrine. What

moves those who follow Him is what is beyond His mere doctrine, that in Him which fires the imagination and makes others feel that in Him there is what cannot be adequately described or forecast. Never man spake like this Man, and yet there is very little in the actual doctrine of Christ which cannot be paralleled from other thinkers and teachers who did not derive it from Him. Most of His ethic is to be found in the teachings of His contemporaries. It was the dynamic and transforming power which He put into it that was unique and remains unique.

The great man is the transforming man and Jesus was and is the transforming man *par excellence*. It is in that quality that I discover the key to the crucial question we are trying to answer, " What kind of human life did Jesus live on earth?" He lived a transforming life. He was in perfection the artist man, the creative warrior.

The Warrior and The Woman in The Christ.

He was the warrior and the woman blent into the unity of a new creation in whom there was neither male nor female, because He had worked out within Himself that higher human harmony of both in which their age-long creative discord is destined finally to be resolved. That of course is a feeble effort to express the inexpressible and,

thinking it over, I fear that it may convey, or tend to convey, the idea that Jesus was a sexless person. I must hasten to add that no such repulsive conception is intended.

Jesus Not a Sexless Person.

If Jesus was sexless then He was utterly inhuman. He was a diseased monstrosity and a freak, and the life that He lived on earth was not a human life at all, and cannot be the life that every man and woman is meant to aim at living. If He never felt within Himself the stirrings of desire ; if He never knew what it was to feel that the skies took on a deeper blue and the fields a brighter green, and that the song of the birds was a more joyous song because of the nearness of some beloved woman, then He certainly was not tempted in all things like as we are, then He did not know one of the highest of all human joys or one of the most piercing of all human pains.

The all too common feeling that we ought not to mention or think about sex in connection with Jesus, is an indication of something deeply wrong both in our thoughts about Him and our thoughts about sex. It leads to the perverse and devastating idea that a good man is one in whose life the sex impulse and the love of women, if it plays a part at all, plays a part which is

reduced to the barest minimum. It is this kind of thought and teaching which is leading many of those who have to deal with the misery of human souls, and who therefore know at first hand the dire results which unwise and puritanical repression of the sex impulse can produce, to suspect and distrust the current teaching of Christianity, and to advise morally sensitive and enlightened people to steer clear of it. God alone knows how many wretched souls, both men and women, have been secretly tortured and driven to distraction by the idea that all natural desire has of itself the nature of sin, and that a really holy and Christ-like person ought to be " above " it and feel it as little as possible. Nowadays, thank God, the perverted and repulsive nature of any such notion is beginning to be appreciated. But even now the true place of sex in human life is a subject which through ignorance or fear is too often in Christian teaching passed over in silence, and this leaves the best of our young people with the impression that Jesus has nothing to do with it or to say about it except that they are to be very careful, and have as little to do with it as they possibly can.

Healthy human nature is, thank God, a stubborn thing and such anæmic teaching whether

it be given by statement, as in some Churches it still is, or by the potent suggestion of silence, rolls off the minds of the most vigorous young men and women as water rolls off a duck's back. But many of them, at the very age when they need Christ most, believing that He has nothing to do " with sex and that sort of thing," forsake all effort to get into communion with Him, and get on with their love life of the importance of which nature leaves them in no sort of doubt whatever. Ignorant and repressive teaching has no power to torture them as it can torture more delicate and sensitive souls, they are too vital and healthy for that. It cannot do them any positive harm, but the negative harm and loss it inflicts upon them and upon the Church is incalculable, for, other things being equal, it can be safely said that the more fully developed and vigorously sexed a man or woman is, the more valuable is the human material they offer to the creative hand of Christ.

It is well worth our while in our thought on this question of the kind of human life that Jesus lived, to devote some time to the utter repudiation of this conception of Christ as a sexless being.

The Women Who Followed Jesus.

It is true that we know very little of His relations with women, but we do know that during the whole of His ministry up to the day of His death they were frequent, continual, and intimate. In S. Luke, Chap. viii., v. 1-3, we read : " Shortly afterwards he went travelling from one town and village to another preaching and telling the good news of the Kingdom of God ; he was accompanied by the twelve and by some women who had been healed of evil spirits and illnesses, Mary Madgalene (out of whom seven devils had been driven), Joanna, the wife of Chuza, the chancellor of Herod, Susanna, and a number of others, who ministered to him out of their means." The same band of women appear to have accompanied Him on His last journey to Jerusalem and were at Calvary (Matt. xxvii. 56). We know that He was on terms of affectionate friendship with Martha and Mary of Bethany and stayed often at their house. The story of the woman of the streets who made her way into the house of Simon the leper, and bathed His feet with her tears and dried them with the hair of her head is one of the most striking of the gospel narratives, and one which if tradition speaks

truly He Himself commanded to be told wherever the Gospel was preached. (Matt. xxv. 13.)

Mary of Magdala.

Even through the meagre references in the Gospel narrative the passionate devotion of Mary of Magdala still burns its way to the human-hearted reader. When one recalls the poignant desolation of the cry in the garden on the Resurrection morning, " They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him," one cannot help but feel that there is real insight and not merely artistic daring in Elroy Flecker's lovely lines :

" Then answered I, ' Sweet Magdalen,
God's servant once beloved of men,
Why didst thou change old ways for new,
Thy trailing red for corded blue,
Roses for ivy on Thy brow,
That splendour for this barren vow.

Gentle of speech she answered me :
' Sir, I was sick with revelry.
True I have scarred the night with sin
A pale and tawdry heroine ;
But once I heard a voice that said
" Who lives to sin is like one dead ;
But follow : thy dark eyes shall see
The towns of immortality.'

' O Mary, not for this,' I cried,
' Didst Thou renounce thy scented pride,
Not for the roll of endless years,
Or fields of joy undewed by tears,
Didst thou desert the courts of men,
Tell me thy truth, grave Magdalen.'

She trembled and her eyes grew dim,
' For love of Him, for love of Him.' "

If that be the truth, as it may well be, neither to her who loved Him, nor to Him whom she loved, was it anything but the highest honour, nor would the honour be less on either side if there was in Him a full and generous human response to her devotion. We know nothing whatever about His side of it and can only guess at hers. But for my part I feel that if amongst all those women whose lives were bound up with His there was never one who stirred His human nature to its depths, then, I say it with reverence and with fear, there would be something wanting to the perfection of His humanity.

If Jesus never knew Love.

He being what He was, dynamic, forceful, virile, it would be a miracle, and not an edifying miracle. There is not a trace in His character

of that fear of women or dread of sex which almost invariably manifests itself in the lives of those who are sexually repressed, and if without undue repression, and with a nature as vigorous and vital as His, He lived to the age of thirty-three without experiencing the passionate appeal of a woman's love, He would be an unnatural and inhuman phenomenon, and certainly the human life that He lived on earth would not be the kind and quality of human life that every man and woman is meant to aim at living. If for the sake of His Mission and of what He was called to do in the world He, with the consent of the beloved, sacrificed the natural consummation of their love, that would not be inhuman, it would be sublime. There are and always have been men and women called by God to make that sacrifice, and we rightly reverence and respect them. But it would not add to, but seriously take away from, our reverence and respect, if we knew that their sacrifice was a bloodless, painless sacrifice because they never felt the full power of the appeal. We would in fact, in that case, be justified in suspecting the completeness and wholesomeness of their humanity. Men and women who are constitutionally incapable of feeling the appeal of sex invariably manifest

signs of that insensibility in their lives, but there is no trace of it in the character of Christ.

His understanding of Women.

On the contrary He shows a tenderness and understanding of the nature of women, a passionate sympathy with their peculiar frailties, and respect for their peculiar strength which, coming out in some of the recorded incidents in His life, have provided mankind with memories which they have always enshrined and treasured. The incident, already alluded to, in the house of Simon the Leper with the exquisitely simple parable of the Two Debtors which went right to the woman's heart of the matter "Because she loved much," is a case in point. The piercing clarity of insight into human nature, almost terrifying in its intensity, which is dramatised in the story of the woman taken in adultery, both in His merciful judgment on the woman, and in His mercifully merciless judgment on the crowd, "Neither do I condemn thee," "Whosoever is without sin amongst you" is another. Could a man who was insensible to the appeal of sex have delivered either the one judgment or the other? No, if He was the warrior and the woman blent into the unity of a new creation in whom there was neither male nor female

because He had worked out within Himself that higher human harmony of both in which their age-long creative discord is destined finally to be resolved, that harmony was no easy miracle. In this, as always, He learned obedience by things that He suffered, and worked out His harmony as we must, after His example, work out ours, using the sex relationship and the poignancy of its appeal as one of our chiefest means of grace.

It is in this perfect unity in Him of the Warrior and the Woman that I find the keystone to the quality of His life. He was the man woman, the mother father, the creative warrior complete.

Jesus and Children.

It comes out with pre-eminent and peculiar clarity in His attitude to children.

We have largely failed to appreciate this aspect of Christ's character and teaching and to realise its central significance, because we have sentimentalised it. We have interpreted it as though it were the weakness, the helplessness, the utter dependence of children that was the point of their appeal to Christ. But that is almost precisely not the case. That is the typical warrior, he-man, attitude to the child. He regards them as pets and playthings and looks

upon them with an unconsciously patronising pity arising out of his superior strength and knowledge. But that is not Christ's point of view in the least. There is in Christ's attitude to children that high seriousness which you find in the finest women who regard them as the main business of life. The good mother may bill and coo and talk baby-talk to her child but the whole of her unconscious being, based upon the specialised structure of her body and trained through the accumulated inheritance of a million years for her task, forces her to regard the child with intense seriousness. Its life is in her hands. That is Christ's point of view. It is not the present weakness but the future potentialities of the child that appeal to Him. It is not their littleness but their greatness that stirs His soul to its depths. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven, their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." It is indeed a passionate protest against the patronising point of view. "Take heed that ye despise not." To Him they are not playthings but potential citizens of the Kingdom of God. There is an almost ferocity about His love for children that lifts it out of the sentimental vein altogether. In order to

interpret aright " Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God," we need at the same time to hear him saying " Whoso shall offend one of these little ones that believe on Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were drowned in the depths of the sea." Then if we have been saying " Suffer little children " with a sentimental smile we shall be pulled up short by the cold steel in the words and find ourselves looking into two troubled pools of liquid fire, the eyes of Jesus Christ. The warrior-mother on the war path. My Lord and My God. I do not mean that the tender playful side was lacking in His nature. There is ample evidence of it. Children apparently came to Him easily and played round Him constantly, and they do not come easily to one who cannot smile with eyes and lips, and is not still young at heart. But there was underlying His attitude toward them a depth of seriousness arising from His vision of the tremendous potentiality for good or evil represented by every child. He saw in each one of them either the Kingdom of God or—we do not know what He saw as an alternative, but it was that which made His eyes flash fire and His tongue cut steel when He thought of wrong done to them.

Jesus, The Kingdom, and the Child.

The realism and high intellectual quality of His teaching about the kingdom drawn from the example of the child has also largely been missed because it has been sentimentalised. At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus saying, " Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" And Jesus called a little child unto Him and set him in the midst of them, and said, " Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Now that is a very pretty picture. But let us beware. The " Verily " of Jesus Christ was not used to introduce pretty pictures but profound truths. He is not here inviting grown men to become childish or even childlike in the ordinary sense of those words. Indeed such an invitation was obviously unnecessary for that is exactly what they were doing, behaving like children. Children are naturally quarrelsome and most of their quarrels are about who shall be greatest in whatever kingdom happens to be their kingdom of heaven at the time. I do not think Jesus was under any delusions about them. He was not sentimentalising about the " dear little things." He had watched their quarrels in the market place when they were playing weddings and funerals too often for that. " I won't play

any more, I've piped, and you won't dance. I've mourned, and you won't weep." He knew that children quarrelled, and quarrelled about this very thing " Who is the greatest ? "

But a child can grow and a child can learn. In fact growth and learning are the essence of childhood. A child is alive. And it is here that we come to the heart of the matter. It was their conception of the Kingdom that was all wrong. Their kingdom was a state, His was a movement. They were thinking of order, He was thinking of growth. They were thinking of power, He was thinking of life. Theirs was the kingdom of the warrior, His was the kingdom of the woman, the kingdom of the living growing human child of any age from one to three score years and ten, with his face turned toward the future and empty hands held out. And in His kind of kingdom the pride, and power, and dignity of which they were thinking had no possible place, because they had no possible use. It is no use trying to make things grow by force. It cannot be done. It was the perfectly clear and lucid perception of this impossibility that lay behind the great choice upon which Jesus based His life and ventured His all.

Jesus the Warrior.

He was a warrior, with the blood of a warrior race in His veins. It did not count for nothing that He was David's son. He was a warrior man to whom life presented itself essentially as a conflict. He was an utter realist without a trace of sentimentality in His nature. He saw life clear and saw it whole. He was ever keenly conscious of the contrast, the bitter contrast, between the kingdom and the world. And yet He never wavered in His faith that kingdom was the meaning of the world and its destiny. His life was the living of His prayer " Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven." How shall the Kingdom come ? How can I bring it about ? He stood like the artist before the block of stone seeing with His second sight the beauty that lay sleeping at its heart and asking Himself, How shall I call it out ? The simile is not perfect because the stone on which He had to work was alive. That was why even the hammer and the chisel were no use and He threw them both away, and went to Calvary. But, let us first be clear about this, He was a warrior. His thought was dynamic. His words were skilfully directed blows. He thought of life in terms of will and work. He never thought of seeking the Kingdom by withdrawal from the world or of inviting His

followers to do so. The world must be made to manifest the Kingdom.

Christ Never Sounds Retreat.

If He retreated from the world, it was only for a time that He might come back more effectively to the attack. The idea of permanent retreat was foreign to His whole nature and found no place in His Gospel. The idea of seeking the soul's salvation by solitary contemplation of the divine was entirely alien to His spirit. He was too good a Jew for that. The Hebrew tradition of a living God, a warrior God, a God who intervened in history, and did things, a God who neither slumbered nor slept, but was active and awake, a God who demanded righteous action, and social justice, the God of the Hebrew prophets was in His very blood and bones, the consuming fire of Jehovah. It is this warrior-active spirit of its Founder which constitutes the great and impassable gulf between the ethos of Christianity, and that of the purely contemplative religions of the East. It is all very well to discover parallels to the teaching of Jesus in the doctrines of Brahminism, Hinduism, and Bhuddism but the fact remains that there is an inevitable conflict between Christianity and any religion which :—

(*a*) Is solely concerned with the salvation of the individual soul.

(*b*) Seeks salvation by withdrawing from or escaping out of this world of men and things, and not by transforming and redeeming it.

(*c*) Sets a higher value upon inner wisdom than it does upon right action.

In fact there is no real kinship between the Christian religion and any religion which seeks either to tame or to destroy the warrior man or even to make his warfare what is called " purely spiritual," *i.e.* concerned with the inner life alone. Jesus was essentially a warrior, a fighter, and He fought to transform the world and make it and all that was in it the outward and visible manifestation of the Kingdom of God. His life and teaching were essentially social, sacramental, and ethical. Men and things were to Him means of, and not hindrances to, communion with God. To return to our simile He stood before the world of men and things like a sculptor before his block of stone, hammer and chisel in hand, gazing at it and gazing at it, and asking, How shall I call the beauty out ? Then as He gazed He slowly dropped the hammer and the chisel from His hands, and went unarmed to the fight. But His purpose did not change.

It was still a fight—a conflict—but a creative conflict.

His Plan of Campaign.

It is in the story of the Temptation in the Wilderness that He tells us how the hammer and the chisel were left behind. He went out there to face the stone, the hard stone of the world. It was there in that desolate and awful place that with the accumulated thought and experience of thirty years behind Him He first looked at the stone with a view to action. He was conscious within Himself of extraordinary powers, and of a call from God which had behind it the mysterious and awful urgency of a divine command. He must act, and act now. But how? We can trace the course of His thought. It began I believe with poverty. The problem of the people's bread. That was always in the centre of His life as it was in the centre of His prayer—Daily Bread. Could He not begin by feeding them?

No Bribery.

There in the wilderness, I believe, the vision of the poor and the hungry multitude came up before Him. He knew them. He had lived amongst them. He had seen a hungry man eat, ravenously tearing the loaf with his hands, with

the look of fear that an animal has when it eats. He had seen hungry children with large eyes. Command these stones—that they may be made bread. Why not? But He was a realist. He had tried it, giving bread. What did they do? Snatch it, gobble it, lie down in the sun to sleep, and presently come crying for more. A grim smile hovers round the corners of His mouth. Memories of beggars at Nazareth come crowding up before His mind. Bread is not enough. They want more. They want life—hope, courage, faith—love—they want God. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." But how shall I win them? How can I make them hear? A sign. Show them a sign.

No Magic.

He has a vision of the Temple of Jerusalem glittering like some great snow mountain in the sun, and Himself standing on the very topmost pinnacle above the thronged and crowded courts. He sees Himself outlined against the sky. Then suddenly He throws Himself over. The ancient promise is fulfilled. God's angels catch Him and bear Him up and He floats down in majesty before the astounded and awe-stricken multitude. Would they not follow Him then? But memories

come crowding in, experience. He sees again the look in the faces of a crowd in Galilee when some Son of the Pharisees has cast a devil out or performed a " miracle " of healing. The momentary hush followed by an outbreak of jabbering and gesticulation as they jostle and push one another round the miracle-monger yelling for more. It won't do. It will not call the beauty out. It only stimulates fear and greed. Magic is useless. It is only another form of force. It sets men looking to God to do something *for them*, instead of something *in them* and *through them*. It is the curse of true religion, its very contradiction. It cannot create life. It is a way of escape from life. It is a refusal to respond to God's call by casting all the responsibility back upon God. It is tempting God. That's it. " Thou shalt not tempt the Lord Thy God." His piercing insight and perfectly lucid intellect have gone right to the heart of one of the world's greatest problems—the essential evil of magic. It was to haunt Him all through His ministry—this temptation to use magic and miracle to win men. Again and again He was asked to do signs and wonders and always He refused. It was part of the agony of His ministry to see His works of compassion and mercy misunderstood and misinterpreted, looked upon as magic rather than as mercy, as portents

rather than as promises of God's love, and valued either for the material benefits they conferred or for their miraculousness rather than for their spiritual meaning and significance. Always He fought and warned people against this making of a magical and miraculous Christ, growing almost fierce at times in His commands not to talk about His healing work. He had seen right through to the heart of the essentially degrading and debasing nature of magic and miracle, and fought against it tooth and nail. But of course He was, in this as in all other essentials, centuries in front of His times.

The Church and the Magic Christ.

By one of the tragic paradoxes of history He Himself was to become the centre of what He detested, head of a Church which was to go miracle mongering down the ages, forcing people to faith by superstition and superstitious fears. It was to be centuries before the Church learned to see clearly the nature of the Kingdom and to free herself from the degradation of the magical and miraculous Christ. Only in these latter days has she begun to do so with any thoroughness by the aid of the scientific spirit which, as that brilliant thinker Dr. Whitehead* has shown, was Christ

*"Science and the Modern World." Chap. I., p. 18.

begotten through the travail of the middle ages coming "from the mediæval insistence on the rationality of God, conceived as with the personal energy of Jehovah, and with the rationality of a Greek philosopher." This deliverance from the magical and miraculous Christ is coming through the conflict of Science and Religion, a conflict which, as usual, men want to treat as a destructive conflict, one side proclaiming the triumph of Science and the other side the triumph of Religion, scoring points and victories, and others still seeking premature and unreal reconciliations between the two, as though either could ever triumph over or defeat the other, or as if the two could ever be completely reconciled, and were not destined to go down the ages locked together in vital and mutually vitalising creative conflict, and working out a progressive but never finally completed unity.

It is surely no fancy which makes me see in this conflict beween Science and Religion, only another form of the basic conflict between the warrior and the woman. The warrior with his fire, his restless energy of attack, his intellect, cunning and skill, seeking power, and the woman with her insistent unconsciously imperative demand that power should be devoted to the constructive and creative purpose of perfecting

life and not to the destructive purpose of dealing death. And only as the warrior is perfectly married to and mated with the woman and they work out together their destined unity in Christ can the intellect and critical faculty of man become a blessing and not a curse to humanity. Christ the warrior is on the side of the intellect. He rejects magic because it stultifies reason, and degrades the mind. He revolts from the thought of gaining power over men and women by playing upon their credulity, and lust for the marvellous. The look of gaping wonder and witless fear in the human face when the mind has been numbed and reason put to sleep is repulsive to Him. He had all the healthy man's horror of drugs. They offered Him wine mingled with myrrh but He would not drink. He never would drink narcotics. He rejected magic for the same reason that He rejected myrrh. He was alive, quivering with life, and the cry of His soul was the cry of life. God let me suffer, and suffer—but do not let me sleep. His faith in the Father was, as this story of the Temptation shows and the whole of His life bears out, no easy credulity ; still less was it any unnatural and inhuman endowment. It was what all the finest human faith must be in a sinful world and under conditions of space

and time, the result of a perpetual and courageously sustained creative conflict between the heart and the head. He knew every twist and turn on the way of doubt right down to the Valley of Despair. It was not on Calvary that He repeated the twenty-second Psalm for the first time. My God! My God! Why? The heart with its passionate "Yea" and the head with its critical "Nay" were both alive in Him, and their clash—the clash between analysis and synthesis, between fact and faith—which is the source of all creative thought was in Him intense and continuous. He would have said of His faith what William James said about his: "I have to forge every sentence in the teeth of irreducible and stubborn facts."

The Conflict of the Heart and the Head.

Such is inevitably the life of the creative warrior—the transforming man—this conflict of the heart and the head in which there must never be victory for either side nor any premature peace that falls short of the peace of God that passeth understanding. Victory for the head means death, because critical reason when the heart is defeated and dead, ends, and must end, by turning its sword upon itself, and doubting its own validity. It is but a poor and timid

scepticism, self-deceived by some unconscious faith, which refuses to face this final issue, and criticise reason itself. The man who by the exercise of reason has brought himself to the point of doubting the rationality of the universe and of seeing in it merely the result of an accidental collocation of atoms, but does not go on to doubt reason, and particularly his own reason, is either a coward who dare not go on because he dare not face the end, or is buoyed up by some totally irrational and ridiculous faith in himself. The Goddess of Reason when she reigns supreme is Goddess of nothingness and death. It was no accidental happening that she smiled coldly down on the streets of Paris in the days of the Terror when they ran red with blood. Indeed to make a Goddess of Reason is to compose an obscene myth of death, for a Goddess of Reason would have to be naked woman with shrivelled breasts and her heart torn out, and that would be the deadest and most dreadful thing on earth. The warrior can only make a Goddess of Reason when he has slain his wife and has not even tears to shed over her poor broken body.

But if there is no victory for the head neither can there be any victory for the heart. For when the head is defeated the heart, clad in her

heavy mantle of credulity, wanders away to lose herself in the land of phantasy and dreams until on a day when she looks not for it, she encounters reality and all her dreams fall dead. Then like a desolate woman she sits down to weep with nothing left to live for but her tears. Head and heart can know no victory or defeat, but locked together in their creative combat must seek their unity in God. The way of Humbert Wolfe's "Respectable Women" must be the way of every living human soul.

I followed what I could not understand
Because I knew,
That only that which passeth understanding
Can be true.

And Jesus was perfectly human and, because of His perfect humanity, the conflict of heart and head in Him reached its maximum of intensity and its maximum of gloriously fruitful and transforming results. In Him they found a unity which from the standpoint of our imperfect humanity is past all understanding, but is for that very reason the way of human destiny. The conflict between heart and head will grow for us not less but more intense, and yet His peace will deepen round us as we walk His

way, and leaving behind the magical and miraculous Christ, see more clearly the splendour of His divine humanity. If we believe in miracles at all, we shall believe in His miracles because of Him and not in Him because of His miracles. We shall learn to see in His Birth, Resurrection and Ascension not barren marvels but symbolic acts, which we value, as He would have us value them, for their meaning and not for their miraculousness, and so the real Christ will come more fully to His own.

No Force.

Jesus thus rejected bribery and magic—two of the great foundations upon which the Kingdoms of the World are and always have been built. For the State has mainly used the Church to invest laws with magical or semi-magical sanctions and so protect them from disturbing criticism. Having rejected both, Jesus is faced with the third—and chief foundation—Force. This constitutes first of all a powerful appeal to His personal ambition. We cannot imagine Jesus as insensible to the appeal of ambition any more than we can imagine Him insensible to the appeal of sex. For a man as able, as powerful, as personally magnetic as He was to be deaf to the appeal of ambition would be inhuman.

Here was a mind greater than that of Napoleon, can we suppose that He felt no call to that "last infirmity of noble minds." Moreover it was no mean or selfish ambition. Why should it not be the way? Why should He not be the Righteous Warrior King? Was He not David's son? Was He not born of a warrior race who had always looked for a military Messiah? He Himself has by His power made it unthinkable to us that He should choose that way. But there was nothing in the world at that time to make it unthinkable, and we have His own word for it that it was not unthinkable, that in fact He thought deeply about it and deliberately rejected it. Why? Because war is always and under all circumstances wrong? That is a tremendous conclusion. Is it true? Is it the conclusion that Jesus came to during that agony in the wilderness? He was a patriot. He loved His country and His own people. "O, if Thou hadst known even Thou in this thy day the things that belong unto Thy Peace, but now are they hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee when thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee and compass thee round and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground and thy children within thee, and they shall not leave in thee one

stone upon another; because thou knowest not the time of thy visitation." "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that stonest the prophets and killest them that are sent unto Thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings and thou wouldest not." There is all the passionate patriotism of the Jew in those cries. He loved them, and they were oppressed and downtrodden. The country groaned under the iron heel of Rome, and the burden of ruinous taxes. Children were crying for bread, and their parents squirmed under the insolence of these Romans. The pride of His people was humbled in the dust. Was it not a time for a patriot to strike a blow for freedom and common justice? Of course if you imagine, as children are still taught to imagine, an obviously evil devil coming to an inhumanly infallible Christ with a formal offer of world dominion on condition that He turns his back on God, the temptation has only the pious symbolic meaning it had for me for years. But this is reality, tearing and torturing reality.

Why did He Reject the Sword?

Why did He decide against the sword? Was it because He felt Himself unable to wield it and saw only failure staring Him in the face

if He tried? Was He afraid? That would contradict the whole of His life. He appears to have feared nothing and no one on earth. It is one of His outstanding characteristics, fearlessness. If He had believed it was God's Will I do not think He would have hesitated. What could have been the result? Who can tell? Who were Vitillius, Vespasian, Galba, and Otho? Third-rate, fourth-rate men compared with Him as a Man. European history might have read differently. Tiberius might not have died in his bed. Whatever way He chose we may be sure that He would have made history, this solitary Jew in the wilderness Who saw in a moment of time all the Kingdoms of the Earth and the glory of them. But He deliberately rejected the way of the sword. He will not even use it as Abraham Lincoln used it, as Benito Mussolini claims to have used it to serve a creative end, as a sculptor uses the hammer and the chisel to call the beauty out. The hammer and the chisel drop from His hands and He goes out unarmed.

It was to come again and again to Him this call of the sword as the call of magic came. There was to come a day when the people clamoured round Him, crying out that He should be King. But it was decided once and for all

in the wilderness. "Get thee behind Me Satan." The ferocity of the reply is a light on the fierceness of the temptation as it was on another day when in His agony He called poor Peter by that dreadful name. "Put up thy sword within thy sheath for they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." That I believe is the principle which He hammered out in the wilderness, centuries and centuries before His time. The full wonder of it can only be grasped when you think of it in relation to the practical task that faced Him, the building of the Kingdom on earth. Had He been out to found what is called a "purely spiritual" Kingdom, a kingdom of monks, hermits, or recluses who sought salvation out of the world, the decision would have been obvious. But He had no such purpose. He was out to build a kingdom of men and women who lived, and laughed, and loved upon this solid earth where skies are blue and fields are green and blood runs red like wine, and then died in sure and certain hope of that Kingdom's completion in another world. But He saw deep down into the heart of the problem. He was a patriot, but not a sentimental patriot. He was a realist, and went to the roots. These Romans were not the real oppressors of His people. They

were themselves oppressed. They were but slaves who bullied slaves. Caesar was neither here nor there. If they cast off the Roman yoke they would bind another on their own necks more galling still. They would make a Jewish Cæsar. Make Him one perhaps. Dress Him up in purple and fine linen and put Him in a palace to sit upon a throne, chief slave in a world of slaves. No! Let them pay their pence to Cæsar, He must win their souls for God. And the sword was no use for that, no earthly use. The sword could not free them from fear.

The sword is the sacrament of fear.

It was the very sacrament of fear, the outward and visible sign of that inward and spiritual disgrace, a means whereby men receive the same and a pledge to assure them thereof.

There could be no freedom by the sword since the sword was the sign of slavery. He saw that two thousand years ago. We have not seen it yet. There is a dim light dawning but it is still dark. We are beginning to see it with our conscious minds, but only dimly, because our unconscious beings are still bound by fear which we rationalise as courage, and the sovereign independence of the free. This unconscious

being which is so largely still the master of our lives is the survival in us of those days when after Britain became an island the untamed forest was its King.* " Its moist and mossy floor was hidden from heaven's eye by a close drawn curtain of innumerable tree tops, which moaned and wailed mysteriously through long drawn winter nights waving their naked arms and letting in the scattered stars, or shivered their fresh green leaves in the breezes of a summer dawn and broke into wild music of millions upon millions of wakening birds ; and that concert was prolonged from bough to bough with scarcely a break for hundreds of miles over hill and plain and mountain, unheard by man save where at rarest intervals a troop of skin-clad hunters, stone axe in hand, moved furtively over the ground beneath, ignorant that they lived on an island, not dreaming that there could be other parts of the world besides this damp green woodland with its meres and marshes, wherein they hunted, a terror to its four-footed and feathered inhabitants *and themselves afraid.*" That fear survives in us and therefore we wave the Union Jack, keep filthy slums, breed vile disease, and build Dreadnoughts because our souls are full of dread. It was the clear unclouded perception that force and fear were but two sides of

*G. M. Trevelyan. History of England, p. 3.

one thing that made Jesus lay aside the sword as useless. It simply could not serve His long range creative purpose. His was still the warrior mind active, aggressive, fiery, fierce but married to the mind of the woman in a perfect unity of purely creative energy which blazed a trail into truth's very heart of truth. He was a seer, as the perfect man is meant to be, and He saw not merely that force and fear are two sides of one thing, He saw what that one thing was. It was the shadow of death.

The Shadow of Death.

Force and fear with all the evils attendant in their train, greed, callousness, hatred, tyranny, slavery, lust, were all part of the shadow of death. He thus came face to face with the final issue: Life and Death. He came face to face with that issue as we must all come face to face with it. Not until we have faced and fought it, can we really begin to live. The man who does not face it squarely is not living, he is merely hiding from and endeavouring to postpone death, and his efforts to hide from or postpone it are the root cause of the miseries and sins of his life. There is no possibility of salvation for those who continue to sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. In that land of gloom the very lust of life drives men

to perpetual murder and suicide. In their eagerness to grab life before it dies they mistake the shadow for the substance and are continually taking things and missing the meaning of things. In the shadow of death the lover grabs at a lovely body and misses a lovely soul, men lust for riches and lose wealth, they grasp at power and grope vainly after love, and because they are always hungry, ravenously hungry, for life they turn God's Temple into a den of thieves and suspected thieves, each of whom sees in the other a threat to his share of life, and so they murder and war, and find in warring and murdering and the dealing of death, an actual relief from the intolerable pain of unsatisfied lust for life. The soul in the shadow of death is driven to pray for death.

God alter me, and turn my heart to stone,
  That I may be as cold as mountain snow,
And cleave my way untempted and alone,
  And have no fire, nor any seeds to sow,
  Nor feel the blood within me hotly flow,
And never cry, nor have the least regret
Nor anything to treasure and forget.

And have no song to offer to the sun,
  No secrets for the moon, no pulse to race ;
And have no friends nor any need for one

No yearning for the sight of any face,
No sudden hate, no preference of place,
No hope to lose, no trespass to atone
God alter me and turn my heart to stone.

Or make me wholly beast, a questing fire,
A thing of instincts unencumbered by
The need of shame to temper slaked desire,
The power to love, the fearfulness to die ;
A cruel thing that wants and knows not why,
And satisfies its want, and wants again,
Untouched by ruth, insensible to pain.

One or the other : anything but this,
To sight the goal ahead and never make it ;
To taste the murder lurking in a kiss,
To thirst for wine and swallow gall to slake it ;
To have the precious things and never know
How beautiful they were until they go.

To move about in secret, wrapped in lies,
To do a heartless thing and blush for shame,
And never look your best friend in the eyes,
And tell the truth ; but learn to play the game
And hate its dull conventions all the same
And live in need, and perish quite alone. . . .
O God make me a beast then or a stone.

J. R. Ackerley.
Cambridge Poets, 1914-1920.

That is a modern form of the cry of the soul that sits in the shadow of death. The form of that cry changes from age to age but its essence remains the same. All the great religions arise out of efforts to answer it, and stand or fall by their success or failure in doing so.

Jesus and Gautama.

No one answers it as Jesus does. One great way which He utterly rejected was the way of negation which was taken by Gautama, the Bhudda, and in different forms by all the great ascetic religions. They seek to answer the cry of the soul that sits in the shadow by granting it the substance, death itself. They reveal a way by which the human heart can be turned into a stone and cease from all desire which they regard as evil and the source of all evil. The desire of life must be destroyed that the soul may find its peace. Death itself of course is something which, strictly speaking, can neither be desired nor conceived. Being cannot conceive not being without ceasing to be. The nearest the mind can get to death is absolutely passive life—Nirvana. That is what Bhuddism and the great ascetic family of religions promise and point the way to. Modern psychology would I think see in this way what is

called regressive phantasy.* "Life is nothing but a struggle from the cradle to the grave. It has been said that the new-born infant's cry can, from one point of view, be regarded as the child's protest against coming into this world and leaving the perfect shelter of the mother's womb, where in a state of absolute passivity all wants were gratified without effort. If we conceive such an hypothesis we may go further and think we see in all its after life an unending struggle to reproduce if possible the equivalent of such a mental state, to cease all conflict, to find a state of Nirvana."

To the great question of Nicodemus "How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb and be born?" The Bhudda would have answered "My son, he can do better than that, he can enter the second time into the great Mother's womb, and not be born, but there in the shelter of the infinite womb remain in perfect, passive, and perpetual peace." Whether modern psychology is right, and this phantasy of escape is the basis of Nirvana or not, I am not prepared to say. It seems extremely probable in the light of research. This at any rate is one answer proposed to the

* C. Stanford Read. "The Struggles of Male Adolescence" p. 1.

cry of the soul that sits in the shadow of death, the Nirvana of a living death, and the way to it by the progressive elimination and destruction of all desire. Jesus rejected both the goal and the way to it, and no religion which seeks passive peace by the destruction of desire has any real kinship with His.

Jesus, Confucius, and the Stoics.

Another answer proposed in different forms by Confucius in the East and by the Stoics in the West was a calm of the soul to be reached not by the destruction and elimination of desire but by severe and systematic repression of it. According to this answer there exists at the heart of nature a perfect, static, and preordained harmony of things into which by the way of discipline and ordered restraint a man can enter and so share the untroubled calm of the gods. He must not seek to be without passion and desire so much as to be above it, ordering, controlling, curbing, and so securing the dignity and calm of the great mind. If The Bhudda preached a Gospel of escape, Confucius and the Stoics preached a gospel of endurance. Bhudda bids you destroy, Confucius bids you despise desire. Both Confucius and the Stoics are essentially aristocratic, conservative, and reactionary. Things must remain as they are and

can never be changed, but by stern discipline and ordered restraint the soul can enter into the ordered calm which really underlies their apparent confusion. Both these answers are still proposed and exercise enormous fascination over millions of minds. The teaching of Jesus has been and is still interpreted as though it were in essential agreement with one or other of them, and differed only in form from Bhuddism or Stoicism. The Christian heaven as it appears in many hymns differs only in name from the Bhuddist Nirvana, and voices nothing more than the desire for escape and the rest of a passive peace.

The Christianity of the Public School and of the English upper class has much in common with Confucius and the Stoics, and is a system of dignified and conservative restraint and repression in which enthusiasm is the devil and God a perfect gentleman.

Jesus only.

But both answers Jesus rejected. His answer was that the passion and power of desire and the lust of life must neither be destroyed, nor restrained but consecrated and directed to the creation of the Kingdom of God upon earth, and the attainment of eternal life. His answer was not conservative, still less was it despairing, it was creative. It was

the challenge of the creative warrior blowing a trumpet to call men to a great crusade. His answer to the cry of the soul that sits in the shadow of death is a great light in which there stands revealed a majestic and inspiring purpose.

In the light of that purpose it could be perceived that death did not exist except for those in the shadow. For those who live in the light there is no death, physical death being merely an incident in the growth of eternal life. " Let the dead bury their dead : but go thou and preach the Kingdom of God " (S. Luke ix. 80). For Jesus there was no " here " and hereafter," for the real hereafter was always " here " and the real " here " was of necessity " hereafter." This sense of here and hereafter is all part of the shadow of death which has no real existence except in the mind of those who live in it. The postponement of the Kingdom into the hereafter, and the making of it into a purely spiritual Kingdom are both methods of escape from the creative effort of building the Kingdom to which His answer is a clarion call. To Him this world of men and things is the material out of which the Kingdom is to built. Those who postpone it until after death are content to look forward to it, and those who call it purely spiritual are building it only in dreams, but neither are really builders at all in Jesus' sense, for both escape

the cross of creative conflict which is the heart of the call of Christ. It is the essentially poetic and creative nature of His mind—the mind of the transforming man—which is the golden thread binding into a perfect unity those three aspects of the Kingdom which critics and commentators are for ever trying to isolate from one another.

Three aspects of the Kingdom.

He sees it as an eternally present reality, as a slow growth, and as a flaming apocalypse from heaven. " The Kingdom of God is within you " or " among " you. (S. Luke xvii. 21.) " If I cast out devils by the Spirit of God, then the Kingdom of God is come unto you." (S. Matt. xii. 28). " Whereunto shall I liken the Kingdom of God ? It is like leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened." (S. Luke xiii. 20-21.) " It is like a grain of mustard seed which a man took and cast into his garden, and it grew and waxed a great tree ; and the fowls of the air lodged in the branches of it." (S. Luke xiii. 19.) " As the lightning that lighteneth out of the one part under heaven, shineth unto the other part under heaven so shall also the Son of Man be in His day." (S. Luke xvii. 24.) " I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." (S. Luke x. 18.) Now every creative

work has for its creator those three phases which change their order of prominence in His mind in obedience to a secret rhythm. The Truth and Beauty of His poetic creation are an ever present reality, and yet the creation is a slow, often agonisingly slow, growth, but that growth is punctuated by crises of blazing inspiration when truth and beauty themselves take charge and he can do nothing but record. So Jesus sees the Kingdom of God. Those who see that light cannot get away from it. They sell all that they have to buy it. And yet they must take up their cross and follow Him, but there will be moments when they shall see heaven open and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man. Those rhythmic phases are the hall-mark of all creative effort, and are indeed part of the rhythm of the universal and eternal purpose as it unfolds itself under conditions of space and time. They are the rhythm of God's creative working in and through man and so appear in the very soul of Jesus Christ.

The Life of a creative Warrior.

We are now I think in a position to return an intelligible if inadequate answer to the great question: What kind of human life did Jesus live on earth? He lived the life of the transforming man deter-

mined for the sake of the joy that was set before Him, to transform the world of men and things into the Kingdom of God, and by means of a creative conflict waged without thought of wounds or death to make the world of appearance manifest the eternal values of reality. He was the warrior man with all the warrior qualities, fire, energy, intellect, aggressiveness, and attack, undiminished and unimpaired but entirely consecrated to the creative purpose of the woman, the building of the kingdom of life and growth which is the Kingdom of God.

His life was an apparent failure. It seemed as though the old destructive warrior had won. He stood and heard His people cry "We have no King but Cæsar." To the challenge, Behold the Man! The new Man, the unarmed King, the Man in whom there is neither male nor female because He has worked out within Himself that higher human harmony of both in which their age-long creative conflict is destined finally to be resolved—to the challenge of His majesty of gentleness they returned only the awful and prophetic cry "Crucify Him! Crucify Him! His blood be upon us and upon our children."

But the end was not yet. "The great man is the transforming man. If He be of the first order. . . . He will create a school of disciples, inspired

by faith, by the sense of what is unseen, and not merely by notional agreement with what he lays down. To exercise such power and to bring its might to perfect fruition may in some cases require time, while in others the result comes quickly." His was the great transformation. It requires time. It does not come quickly—but it comes. Already the crown of Cæsar is but a poor and paltry bauble compared with the crown of thorns.

IX

REVEALS THE CREATIVE WARRIOR GOD

In Jesus There Was a New Heaven and a New Earth.

"WHAT kind of human life did Jesus live on earth?" To that great question we have attempted an answer. It is doubtless a very sketchy answer, unsatisfactory, and painfully incomplete, and yet I believe the root of the matter is there. His was the life of the transforming man, the creative warrior. Whether it be in His deeds or in His words what moves us who follow Him is what is beyond His mere doctrine. That in Him which fires the imagination and makes us feel that in Him there is what cannot be adequately described or forecast, is the uniquely creative and transforming quality of His life. Almost every name which men have bestowed upon Him is in itself a tribute to that quality, "Jesus," "Christ," "Saviour," "Redeemer." "Behold I make all things new." There was in Him a new Heaven and a new Earth. What we must now proceed to ask ourselves is: "Was that new Heaven and

that new Earth the true heaven and the true earth ? "

Was it a True Heaven and a True Earth ?

Was it a fact or a phantasy ? It is this dilemma of fact or phantasy which lies at the heart of the second part of the double challenge into which, as we have seen, the doctrine or dogma of the Divinity of Christ resolves itself. For the sake of clearness of thought we may say that we have three great questions implicit in the one question, " Was Jesus Christ Divine ? " The three are these :—

1. What kind of human life did Jesus live on earth ?
2. Is the kind of human life that Jesus lived on earth the kind and quality of human life that every man and woman is meant to aim at living ?
3. Was the universe made, and is it sustained by God to enable man to learn and live that life, and is it so constituted that he can live that life in it ?

Was a man as Jesus saw him a fact or a phantasy ? Was the universe as Jesus conceived it a fact or a phantasy ? Was the world of men and things as

Jesus saw it a reality or was it such stuff as dreams are made of? It is the capacity of the human mind for dreams or phantasies which is the root difficulty.

Sincerity No Guarantee of Truth.

We often talk and act as though sincerity were of itself a guarantee of truth. Alas, that is very far from being the case. The most deadly dangerous falsehoods have often been by men sincerely held and preached. The dilemma "*aut deus aut non bonus homo*" (either God or not a good man) as an expression of the challenge and question of Christ does not go deep enough, unless we interpret "bonus" or "good" as including true and real. No decent minded man would say that Jesus was not "good," but many decent minded men have said and thought with sadness in their hearts "He is too good to be true. He was sincere but deceived. His inner life was a dream, a good and beautiful dream, but only a dream, which like all other of man's lovely dreams was broken in the end upon the hard cross of reality. His life and death are indeed a summary, a perfect summary, but they are not a solution of the problem of human life. That broken Figure on the Cross with its defeated bleeding Head sums up all human sorrow but has no power to heal." There are

I suppose few of us men and women who have passed through youth to middle or to later life who have not felt, with fear clutching at our hearts, that that might be the truth.

The Faith of Despair.

There are indeed many who are counted, and rightly counted, sincere followers of Jesus who follow Him in the spirit of Thomas who said unto his fellow disciples, "Let us also go that we may die with Him." There is perhaps in their hearts a hope, not based on any very vivid faith, but just a hope that though He was too good for this world, He may yet prove to be the truth about the next, and that therefore though they die, yet shall they live. In some there is not even that hope. They have just come to love Him. He has become a habit, the habit of their lives, and they cannot break themselves of it. Their religion is for them like some old love affair. The passion and power of it have burned themselves out, but they have left behind a memory that with a bitter sweetness haunts them still. They are like a man who every now and then takes a long-treasured keepsake from its hiding place only to find his love too dead for tears. Jesus for them is one of youth's illusions which they have indeed outlived

but cannot altogether lay aside, because it is too closely woven into the texture of their lives. It may even be that they still live on Him in a lower sense because they are paid to preach a Gospel which is no longer for them good news. I have sat and talked with such men and have gone to bed troubled by the sadness in their eyes. Hypocrites the world would call them, but God is very merciful. We may leave them to the mercy of God but it is a tragic fact they represent, these preachers and teachers of a dead faith, because to them the sheep and lambs look up and are not fed. They have sadly and unwillingly decided that Jesus was not divine but deceived.

Jesus Divine or Deceived?

And it is that challenge "Divine or Deceived?" that He makes and that those who fully follow Him must take up. They must take it up and answer it, each one in the solitude of his own soul. It has been finely said that "Religion is what the individual does with his solitariness." It is what a man thinks, feels and is when he is alone. That might seem to contradict the conclusion we came to that Jesus, the Master of religion, never for one moment allowed the possibility of salvation by solitary contemplation of the divine.

But it does not really contradict it. It is a matter of the quality and content of solitude. The first thing a man becomes conscious of when he is alone is the fact that he is not alone. Set over against him there is that vast other-than-himself—the universe. There are the two inevitable realities—himself and the other-than-himself. His consciousness of himself as a reality grows with, and largely arises out of, his consciousness of the other-than-himself as a reality, and of a conflict between the two. Conscious life is in its very essence a conflict between man and the universe. Let me try to explain more clearly.

Who Goes There?

I can recall to mind the moment when my own religion, as distinct from my father's and mother's religion, was born in me. I was alone at night on a moor by the sea. Above me a dark velvet dome and a million stars. Beneath me moving slowly in a heavy swell the sea. No sound but the rustling of a breeze through the heather, and the boom of the waves against the cliff. I was alone, that is I was acutely, painfully, conscious of myself as a reality, and at the same time even more acutely conscious of that vast, shadowy, mysterious other-than-

myself, looming up out of the darkness over against me—the universe—the world and all those other worlds that shone like points of light above me. To say that I was completely alone at that moment would be no more true than it would be to say I was alone on another vividly remembered occasion when I lay by myself in no-man's land and, with my heart in my mouth, watched a dark moving object which came towards me not knowing whether is was a friend or a foe. I was as acutely conscious of the presence of the universe that night by the sea as I was acutely conscious in no-man's land of that moving form which subsequently proved to be the serjeant-major. I was as conscious of it, and as deadly doubtful about it. What was I to make of this great thing moving in the darkness? Was it a friend or a foe? It might be neither. It might be just a mindless mass without either love or hatred in its heart, only a vast indifference. Just as on that night in France the thought crossed my mind that the thing in the darkness might be two dead men on top of one another, and that it only seemed to move. Fear plays such tricks on raw and ragged nerves. Supposing I whispered: "Who goes there?" Would the answer be a bullet or a friendly word or silence? So I

felt as I stood alone. Supposing I cried out to the great other-than-myself. Who goes there? Would there be any answer? Or would there be nothing but the whisper of the wind in the heather, the boom of the swell on the cliffs, and the desolate cry of that lonely gull returning late to its nest? Well, I made my cry and I got my answer. I have often doubted it, and never entirely understood it, but it remains. If I lost it I think I would lose my soul. I have been trying to say it ever since. At the time it was only one word, "God." I stood in the presence of God.

Jesus Says "Our Father."

It is in some such moment of solitude when a man is acutely conscious of himself and the universe set over against one another that all vital religion is born. There must have been a tremendous moment in history when Jesus of Nazareth stood looking out into the darkness and called His challenge to the universe: "Who goes there?" He asserts with unfaltering certainty that someone answered and said "Our Father." It was upon that answer out of the depths of His solitude that He was wont to fall back in the supremest moments of His life. "Behold the hour cometh, yea is now come,

that ye shall be scattered every man to his own and shall leave me alone and yet I am not alone because the Father is with Me."

Was He Right?

Was He right and did that answer really come or was it only His imagination? In one sense of course it certainly was His imagination because, to a human being, it is only through the imagination that any answer could come to such a question at all. To call the reality of the universe "Our Father" is to make an image of it, to imagine it. The question is not whether it was imagination or not, about that there can be no doubt. It certainly was. The question is as to whether it was true imagination or false. "Our Father" was and is certainly a vivid word picture of the final reality of the universe as Jesus saw it, the question is as to whether it is a true word picture or not.

Reality and Imagination.

Let us first of all be quite clear about this question of reality and imagination. It is only through imagination that we can get into touch with any complex reality at all. Apart from imagination all we can know is pure sensation. Before we can attach any meaning to our sen-

sations and act we must call our imagination into play. If in the dusk of a summer evening as I sit pensive on a stile someone suddenly puts their hands over my eyes from behind I have a vivid sensation or series of sensations, but before I act I must interpret the meaning of those sensations, and in order to do that I must "imagine" whose hands they are, and upon my imagination I will act. If I imagine my best beloved I will laugh, if I imagine a pickpocket I will kick, and alas it is quite possible that I might kick my love or turn to kiss a pickpocket!

The Senses Not Certain Guides.

Moreover sight and hearing are no certain guides to reality. Many a girl has with open eyes kissed her love, and found too late that he was a lout who blasted her body and soul. She had vivid sensations but she imagined them all wrong. *Sunt lacrimæ rerum.* There is the sorrow of the world of men. That is precisely how we stand with the universe. It is always dusk, for now we see through a glass darkly, and in the twliight of our half-knowledge the universe throws its arms around us, and we must imagine the true meaning of the myriad sensations it causes us to have. Apart from

imagination the universe could never be anything to us but a chaotic tumult of buzzings, flashes, smells, tastes, and pressures, without order and without significance. We must act upon our imagination of the universe because we have nothing else to act upon. We have no means of direct contact with reality. It is the way in which the world is by them imagined at any given moment that determines the way in which a man or a group of men will act. Sooner or later we must bring our imaginations to the test of reality by acting upon them and abiding by the results. Sooner or later, and the sooner the better.

The Scientific Method.

The scientific method of thought and of action is not to trust any picture or image of reality until it has been tested. Or, to put it more accurately, since testing implies some measure of trust, not to trust any picture of reality as a basis of action on a large scale where the penalties of failure are heavy, until it has been tested as a basis of similar action on a small scale where the penalties of failure are comparatively light.

If we could obtain trustworthy and adequately tested pictures or images of the whole universe and act only upon them the eternal quest of

truth would be over, and we would walk by sight and not by faith, which means that we would act upon adequately tested instead of inadequately tested pictures of reality.

Its Limitations.

But that is impossible partly because it is impossible to devise adequate tests and partly because we have no time to apply them. It is indeed possible to devise and apply tests of small sectional pictures of reality, and it is of these more or less adequately tested pictures of sections that what is commonly called scientific knowledge consists. But these tested pictures are as yet only of service to us over a small part of our human life and in the less important crises of it. When it comes to great and crucial matters of choice, especially those in which our human relationships are involved, love, marriage, friendship, war, education, legislation, political policy, etc., we have to fall back upon much less adequately tested pictures. We must then, as we say, walk by faith and not by sight. It is fashionable nowadays amongst superficial people to despise these less-adequately tested pictures and to compare them to their detriment with the sectional scientific ones. Where we can devise and apply no adequate test it is commonly

supposed that we can make any picture of reality we like according to taste. A man must accept scientific truth but in philosophy and religion he can please himself, for these are private and personal matters about which there can never be any actual certainty, and therefore anything may be true.

This queer topsy-turvy notion leads, as we would expect, to odd and unforeseen results. It means that in the smaller and comparatively less important matters we are scrupulously careful and apply to our sectional pictures the most patient and painstaking tests, while we form our larger, more complex, and infinitely more important pictures very carelessly and subject them to no decent test at all. The inevitable result is that we find ourselves a people possessed of all sorts of new powers, due to our sectional knowledge of reality, but without the remotest idea how to use them. Masters of means but ignorant of ends we are like small boys who cut themselves to pieces with beautiful new knives.

The Great Question.

There are indeed some signs of a return to sanity in this matter and of a revival of interest in philosophy and religion, but the signs are faint

as yet, and the revival is long overdue. I am not talking about the interest of the schools so much as the interest amongst the people, though the two are very closely connected. It is not too much to say that the whole future of the world depends upon the way in which the universe as a whole comes to be conceived and imagined by the majority of men in the course of the next few decades of time. Amongst all the questions of our day there is not one which is comparable in importance to this question as to whether Jesus was right or wrong in His way of imagining the universe.

An Ancient Way of Imagining the Universe.

In our attempt to discuss and come to some decision about it there is one issue that we must face and dispose of at once. It is sometimes said, and frequently assumed, that Jesus cannot have been right in His way of imagining the universe since He was certainly ignorant of all those modern scientific discoveries which have so completely changed our outlook upon it. This objection has been well stated by the Dean of S. Paul's :—

" The discovery that the earth, instead of being the centre of a finite universe, like a dish with a dish cover over it, is a planet revolving round the sun, which itself is only one of a million stars,

tore into shreds the Christian map of the universe. Until that time the ordinary man, whether educated or uneducated, had pictured the sum of things as a three-storeyed building consisting of heaven, the abode of God, the angels, and beatified spirits ; our earth ; and the infernal regions, where the devil, his angels, and lost souls are imprisoned and tormented. . . . Most certainly heaven and hell were geographical expressions. The articles in the Creeds on the descent of Christ into Hades, and His ascent into heaven, affirm no less ; and it is obvious that the bodily Resurrection of Christ is intimately connected with the bodily Ascension. The new cosmography thus touched the faith of the Creeds very closely. That the Church interpreted these doctrines literally is shown by the Anglican Articles of religion which declare that Christ ascended into heaven with " flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature, and their sitteth."

Was it Destroyed by Galileo ?

We must I think admit at once that modern scientific discoveries have torn into shreds, not merely the mediæval Christian, but the ancient Jewish map of the universe which was the one which Jesus Himself, as a human being of His time, appears to have had in His mind. The ancient

Jewish map of the universe did not in its main essentials as a three-storeyed building, with heaven above and hell beneath, differ from the mediæval one. We are then forced to the conclusion that Copernicus and Galileo tore into shreds not merely the Christian but Christ's own map of the universe. This would at first sight appear to be a very serious matter. But let us think more carefully about the nature of this map that was torn into shreds. Was it a map of the universe at all in the modern scientific sense of the word "map"? Surely not. It was a description of, or a way of picturing, the universe arrived at by a different method and designed to serve a different purpose. Neither the scientific method nor the scientific purpose existed in the minds of the men of that day. They did not know, had no means of knowing, and did not want to know what things were like in themselves, but they did know, had means of knowing, and wanted to know what things were like as related to them. They were entirely uninterested in the form or shape of external reality, but were passionately interested in its meaning or significance. This three-storeyed building is not a description of form or shape, but of significance. It is not a description of the material world as men had dispassionately observed it, but a description of life as men had

passionately experienced it. As a description of form it is worthless, and it has no scientific value whatever unless and until science be extended to include psychology—the science of human experience—and then its scientific value as a description of experience is very great, and its general validity remains unshaken.

Not a Map of the Universe but a Map of Man.

This three-storeyed building is worthless as a map of the universe, but valid and valuable as a map of man. In the face of all modern discoveries, untouched and unchanged by them, there remains our intimate inner experience of ourselves as three-storeyed buildings with heaven " above " us and " hell " beneath. It is perfectly true that our fathers believed in a geographical heaven and a geographical hell—but they were not in the least interested in or concerned with their geographical position. Their geographical positions " above " and " below " them were merely symbols of their intense reality as conditions of the human spirit which as we say, still using their graphic language because there is no other nearly so good, can either rise to the heights or sink to the depths.

" No ! When the fight begins within himself
A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,
Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—
He's left himself, i' the middle ; the soul awakes
And grows. Prolong that battle through his life
Never leave growing till the life to come."

There is Robert Browning's description of the three-storeyed building, and here is mine in more vulgar universal terms.

There's nothin' in man that's perfect,
And nothin' that's all complete,
'E's nubbat a big beginnin'
From 'is 'ead to the soles of 'is feet.
There's summat as draws 'im uppards,
And summat as drags 'im dahn,
An' the consekence is as 'e wobbles,
Twixt muck and a golden crahn.
An' it's just the same wi' the nations
As it is wi' a single man,
There's 'eaven and 'ell in their vitals,
A scrappin' as 'ard as they can.

As such still stands.

Neither Copernicus nor Galileo, nor any other discoverer, has overthrown the three-storeyed

building as a picture of significance, as a way of imagining the meaning of life, it still stands four-square to every wind that blows. What has really happened is not that this ancient map of significance has been torn to shreds but that an attempt has been made to make a new kind of map altogether. Men have endeavoured by the scientific method to make a map of external reality which shows in minute and meticulous detail the relation of things to one another, but carefully excludes all attempt to indicate their significance for human life.

The New-fashioned Map and its Meaning.

But though this new map of relations and form was designed for a different purpose, and could not of itself supplant or take the place of the other map of significance, yet it is impossible to say that they have no relation to or bearing upon one another. It is impossible to say that because it is impossible entirely to separate form from significance, or meaning. Even mere size has a significance, and the vastness of the universe as disclosed by the modern map of its form is not without its meaning. We cannot therefore escape the task of laying these two maps down together and endeavouring to discover how they bear upon and effect one another. When I do this and con-

template the modern scientific map of relationship and form one sufficiently startling fact emerges. The three-storeyed building is still there in this new map of form, only now it is drawn in terms of time instead of in terms of space. The universe is shown as an evolution or growth with three stages or storeys, a past, a present, and a future. Man still finds himself in the middle with the past behind him and the future on ahead. With the possibility of progress to perfection ahead of him, and the possibility of regress, degeneracy, and decay behind him. Man is a 'present' torn between a 'future' and a 'past.'

"..... both tug
He's left himself i' the middle, the soul awakes
And grows. Prolong that battle through his life
Never leave growing till the life to come."

Now what strikes one about this new picture drawn in terms of time rather than in terms of space is that it brings us nearer to, and not farther away from the essential mind of Christ.

Time Thinking and Space Thinking.

The change from space thinking to time thinking which is the main characteristic of modern thought brings out and intensifies, without in any way

contradicting, the content and meaning of those two words " Our Father " which so completely sum up Christ's way of imagining the universe. Fatherhood is not a state, a position, but a creative act, a process in time. To imagine the final reality of the universe in terms of Fatherhood is to imagine the universe dynamically as the result and expression of perpetual energy. The picture of the world as an evolution or growth is implicit in the idea of Fatherhood. Dr. Whitehead in his " Science and the Modern World " has I think proved conclusively that there is a real historical connection between the modern scientific time thinking way of imagining the universe and the mind of Christ.

Science Cradled in Christendom.

It is no mere coincidence that Science in the modern sense was born, cradled, and brought up exclusively in Christendom. The conflict between Christianity and Science which, as we have seen, men have done and are doing their best to wage as a destructive conflict, has obscured the fact that they are really parent and child. Knowing that, we would expect a conflict between them. There is and must be a conflict between every child and its parents. The child must break free from its father and mother and secure

its own independence exactly as Science has broken free from and secured its independence of Christianity. But both are the poorer if that rupture goes to the lengths of complete divorce and they do not continue their creative conflict working out an increasing but never finally completed unity.

The Full Meaning of "Our Father."

The full meaning of "Our Father" as a word picture of the final reality of the universe is expressed in a great sentence of S. Paul's. "All things work together for good to those who love God." A study of that sentence will I think enable us to understand more clearly the way in which Jesus imagined the universe and to see how far it seems to correspond or conflict with the best that we know to-day, and so to grapple with the great question: "Was Jesus right in His way of imagining the universe?" upon which so much depends. Let us then get down to our study of the sentence.

All.

"All." That is a short word with a long meaning. Before it could be used with the significance which it has for S. Paul man had to go through centuries and centuries of travail and groping

primitive thought until he reached the august and majestic conclusion that the million million sensations and experiences which the vast other-than-himself roused in him as it faced him in the darkness, despite their apparent diversity, disconnectedness, and complexity were nevertheless connected and formed a unity. That conclusion has now become so deeply ingrained in our minds that it appeals to us as being an obvious, axiomatic, and inevitable truth. We are now, as we say, intuitively certain that if we fully understood any one thing we would understand all things because there is a real connection between all things—they form a unity. But it is not really an obvious truth but the result of an act of faith, it is a way of imagining things. There is no obvious connection between a snail and a star, or between a whale and a whippet. No one would suppose that there existed any real relationship between a jelly fish and a Justice of the Peace, if they had not been told so. And yet the more closely we probe into and investigate the secrets of nature the more justifications we find for that tremendous conclusion that all things are connected and that the universe is a universe and not a mass of disconnected and discontinuous details. We may advance another step from this conclusion which lay behind

Jesus' way of imagining the universe if we consider the meaning of the second word in our great sentence "*things*."

All Things.

We advance now from the unity to the ground of the unity. What is a thing? A thing is that which can be an object of thought—it is a "think." The great classical expression of pessimistic atheism, "What's the good of anythink—why nothink!" touches the heart of the matter. That tragic conclusion which, if we believed it, would shatter science, stultify religion, and set the whole world off on a mad career of suicide is a denial of our basic faith in reason. Jesus imagined the universe not merely as a unity but as a rational unity. "Things" were all connected because they were all "thinks." They found their ground of unity in the one mind—"Our Father." This step brings us to a point where we must of necessity reach out beyond the universe to that which transcends it. All these "thinks" or "thoughts" must find their unity in a thinker. We cannot conceive any ground for a rational universe except a rational mind, unless indeed we go off into the realms of unchecked and

uncontrolled phantasy and imagine the world in terms of the monstrous or fabulous.

Robotomorphism—A Modern Fairy Tale.

Curiously enough this is exactly what a good deal of modern thought does, thinks in terms of monstrosity. There is a wide-spread effort to get away from the idea of God, an effort which has behind it, as an unconscious and elaborately rationalised motive, the desire to secure freedom of thought, and establish the complete independence of Science. This effort is one of the evil results of the endeavour to wage the conflict between Science and Religion as a destructive conflict. Many scientific professors are still in the condition of children righteously rebelling against their parents and they would regard it as beneath their intellectual dignity to entertain a single orthodox idea in their minds. They therefore imagine the universe as a machine, and adopt the mechanist hypothesis, not merely as a useful and convenient instrument of thought, which would be quite legitimate, but as an actual picture of reality. This means that they picture the universe as a self-made, self-driven, self-directed, and self-renewed machine. Now to use an expressive vulgarism, there never was no such a thing as a machine of that description.

A machine without a mind behind it is a fairy tale. All machines are made, started, directed, and renewed by a mind or minds. To " explain " the universe in terms of mechanism is to explain the mysterious in terms of the monstrous, which is not helpful. In order to avoid imagining the universe as like a man which is anthropomorphism—and that for some mysterious reason is supposed to be a deadly sin against the intellect —they imagine it as like a Robot—an obscene and dreadful mechanical mind. But there is no valid reason whatsoever for recourse to such desperate expedients, and every sort of reason against it. Robotomorphism is a sin against the intellect. Anthropomorphism is not a sin against the intellect at all, and there is no reason why we should twist ourselves into knots to avoid it. If you picture the final reality of the universe as like a man—and think in terms of personality—you probably get nearer the truth than you do any other way. If there is reason in all things there is a thinker behind them.

Of course it must be understood that all our ways of imagining that thinker must fall short of His Truth—but if we remember that—then the fuller and richer the picture we use the nearer we get, and the fullest and richest picture we can use is a human personality. There is

then no reason why we should not imagine the final reality of the universe in terms of rational personality—and boldly cry as Jesus did " Our Father."

All Things Work.

We may now take another step forward and get down to our third word—Work. All things work. Jesus imagined the final reality of the universe as being intensely active and energetic. He imagined it as will. The Will of God was to Him the very essence of reality. As He stood alone, quiveringly conscious of Himself and of the universe as two undoubted and utterly undoubtable realities facing one another, He felt Himself to be in the presence of an immense, ceaseless, untiring activity. Out there in the darkness someone was doing, doing, always doing things. The silence was not really silent, it was full of the sound of work. The universe was moving, heaving, rising, changing, being transformed—and the power within and beyond it was the working Will of God. The working will. Here I think we come to the heart of Jesus' way of imagining the universe. It was the expression not merely of a ruling but of a working will. God was not a potentate sitting throned above the universe but a Creator

perpetually at work in it. It was this idea of a working Creator King which constituted the new and revolutionary element in His teaching. We have seen that as a Jew the tradition of a living God, a warrior God, a God who intervened in history and did things, a God who neither slumbered nor slept, but was active and awake, a God who was Righteous Will and demanded righteous action and social justice, the God of the Hebrew prophets was in His very blood and bones, the consuming fiery energy of Jehovah.

But there was a new element in His vision. He inherited the idea of a God who had made and now ruled the world. He saw a God who was perpetually making it. He inherited the idea of a King ruling subjects, recalling rebels, and destroying enemies. He conceived the idea of a working King perpetually making men. He inherited the idea of a Father, but of a Father who ruled His household. He conceived the idea of a Father who was for ever creating His household, by whom and in whom the children were being born again. He inherited in fact a male God. He, born in the fullness of time, conceived of a God who was neither male nor female but the perfect unity of both. He took the exclusively male God of the Hebrews, the Lord of hosts, the God of battles, the glorified

patriarch, and transformed Him into the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father who is a father but has a mother's heart. This is the point and pivot of His thought and of His life.

The Warrior and the Woman One in a Working God.

It is because He saw at the heart of the ultimate reality the warrior perfectly mated to the woman with all His infinite energy, transcending but including the energy of the whole universe, consecrated to a creative purpose which He ceaselessly laboured to work out, that His life and death were what they were and began a transformation in the world that is only in its early stages yet. It was because He saw and lived out that dynamic vision of reality that after Jesus lived and died in it the world was never the same again. A new and unknown spiritual energy was released and entered into the process of human life. It is not exhausted ; so far as we can see it never will be exhausted ; and we for our part believe that it is only now entering upon a phase of plenary power. There was dynamite in this conception of a perpetually creative God travailing to bring to birth a new heaven and a new earth. It held within it the secret of perpetual youth and victory over death. It transformed time and gave the future

victory over the present and the past. It set a woman in the heavens with a baby in her arms and bade the whole world look up and worship Him. It made God for ever young. "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of God." Youth, growth, hope, progress, a way—The Way of Life—going on and on and on with new glory for ever waiting round the next corner. The Way, the Way—"Prepare ye the Way of the Lord, make straight in the desert an highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill made low, the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places plain. The glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together." Behold the Lord our God is in travail and who shall foretell the wonder of new birth. All things work together for good—and who can conceive the splendour of that good—the Kingdom of God.

But Wait.

But wait—wait a moment—yes wait a thousand years—all those who work must learn to wait —even God.

Jesus transformed time, yet time remains, the last inscrutable mystery of time. Why must God wait? Why must God work? To

that question there is no answer. Even Jesus questioned the universe about that and there was no reply—only the silence that was not silent but full of the sound of an immense effort and of ceaseless work. He stood alone and listened but He only heard what S. Paul heard —have you never heard it, gentle reader, listen when you are alone—the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. Have you never heard it—I have—and felt it within myself—not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body. All things work because God works. But work means effort, time, and pain. How can there be effort, time and pain for God? Is He not Almighty? How can the Almighty strive, and wait, and suffer? I have tortured myself with that question. But I am going to torture myself no longer. It is a mad question.

The Tyranny of the Absolute.

It arises out of the tyranny of the absolute, and the absolute is the devil, the very devil. He is the most ghastly of all ghastly phantasies. You arrive at Him by taking a man, stripping him of his humanity—and then calling Him Almighty

God. Absolute power, absolute wisdom, absolute peace, absolute joy, absolute everything, evolution as a method and consumptive children in Camberwell dying with rotten teeth. That would burst any brain and break any heart.

There is, thank the good, striving, suffering, loving God, no evidence for the existence of this absolute being anywhere. Men tell me that this is the nature of God as He is in Himself, this absolute perfection. Well, I do not know anything at all about God as He is in Himself, and if I am to be perfectly frank I do not believe that anyone else does either. When men start in to talk to me about it I have the same feeling that I have when people begin to explain the Egyptian Pyramids and prove that the world must come to an end on April 1st. It is all perfectly consistent, perfectly logical, but it has nothing whatever to do with life. I only know God in and through humanity. Being human that is the only way I can know Him. I have no doubt that if I were more than, or other than, human I might know God in a different way, perhaps someday I shall for it does not yet appear what we shall be. But I am convinced that if I, being human, and living in this world imagine the author and creator of it as possessed of absolute power and dwelling in absolute peace I shall be slandering and blaspheming Him.

Almighty Cat.

Whenever I try to picture Him thus an obscene and hideous vision claws at the door of my mind for right to enter.

I see the broken bodies of women and men
Temples of God ruined ; I see the claws
Of sinister fate, from the reach of those feline paws
Never are safe the bodies of women and men.

Almighty Cat, it sits on the throne of the world,
With paw outstretched, grinning at us, the mice
Who play our trivial games of virtue and vice
And pray—to that which sits on the throne of the world.

From our beginning till all is over and done,
Unwitting who watches, pursuing our personal ends,
Hither and thither we scamper. The paw descends ;
The paw descends and all is over and done.

This Almighty God gets mixed up in my mind with Almighty Cat and with the " Mr. G. " of H. G. Wells' " William Clissold." He is more like a devil than a God. I find no traces of absolute easy omnipotence in the universe as I

see it nor, thank God, can I find any traces of it in the universe as Jesus imagined it.

No Metaphysical Compliments.

It is true that He called God Almighty Father but on His lips it was no mere metaphysical compliment, it was an expression of a vivid and vital faith in the power of the working Father to accomplish His Will in the world. It was this vision of God as a working Will which was the basis of His being and the key to His way of imagining the universe. He expressed it once in a homely parable linking up, as was His way, the great with the small. The Kingdom of God—the Reign of the Power of God is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened. The universe was a vast bread bowl with dough in it and there was a heaving, a swelling, a rising—a great unseen power at work. Such is the power of God. He felt it all around Him and within Him ceaselessly at work. It was like a fire burning in His heart and driving Him to His destiny. He was the expression of His way of imagining the universe. He lived His vision out. His life was the life of the transforming and creative man because He imagined the universe as the work of a perpetually creative and transforming God. He was the

creative warrior Man because He saw God as the creative warrior God.

Jesus Disarms God.

He went unarmed to the battle with the world because He believed that God was unarmed. God could not and would not destroy His enemies. It would be a blank contradiction of His nature so to do. The creator cannot destroy. The wrath of God could never be anything but an increased activity to save. There was something to fear in the universe but it was not God, it was what came to men when they got away from God, it was that which could destroy both body and soul in hell, the enemy of God, Satan, the principle of death, spiritual death.

That was all there was to fear in the world and those who loved and worked with God need have no fear of that. He bade men worship what they loved and did not fear, and so escape from fear altogether. It was this disarming of heaven by conceiving of it as a perpetually creative activity which therefore could not hurt, hate, or destroy, that was the dynamic revolutionary secret of the mind of Christ. He put down the mighty from their seat and exalted the humble and meek because He dethroned the warrior and crowned the worker king of kings. It was this way of

imagining the universe which determined the action of His life and made of it the eternally significant and perfectly unified drama which it is.

The Drama of Creative Love.

It is the drama of creative Love which haunts the hearts and minds of men with transforming power. It is this drama as a unity that the Christian Church has made the main body of her creed because she has always been instinctively certain that in it was revealed the meaning and moral significance of the universe. There have indeed been many interpretations of the drama, interpretations not infrequently immoral, barbaric or absurd, but more and more clearly, as the centuries have passed, the central motive has by its own transforming power forced itself out and we see it as the dramatic presentation of the birth, agony, and triumph of creative Love. The Christian creed is an historical drama in four acts with an Epilogue.

Incarnation. The Birth of Creative Love.

ACT I. Conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary.

Atonement. The Agony of Creative Love.
ACT II. Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried.

Resurrection. Victory of Creative Love.
ACT III. The third day He rose again from the dead.

Ascension. Perfection of Creative Love.
ACT IV. And ascended into Heaven.

Epilogue—Judgment.
He shall come again to judge the quick and the dead.

It is that drama as a unity that adequately expresses Jesus' way of imagining the universe. It is the form in which He has left His mark upon the mind of man.

The Artists as Interpreters.

All the arts, music, painting, poetry, and the drama have combined to stamp it indelibly on the human consciousness because artists and creative minds of every age have been haunted by the sense of its eternal significance. Even as I look at it in the bald outline as it is set forth here I can

see a hundred glorious pictures and hear majestic music swelling round me. Bach, Mendelssohn, Handel, Elgar, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Dürer, Doré, names taken at random to represent the blaze of resplendent beauty that surrounds the name of Jesus. Shut your eyes for a moment or two that you may see, stop your ears that you hear. It is a good way to say your creed. In some ways the artists are better interpreters than the theologians, they cling more closely to the essentials of the drama.

Pectus facit theologicum. It is the heart that makes a theolgian and yet they often suffer from fatty degeneration of the heart and an over-development of the intellect. For well nigh two thousand years that drama of dynamic significance has gripped and vitalised the mind of the Western world. Men have argued over it, fought over it, worshipped and mocked at it as they have at life itself. In the main it is the prevalent reaction to it that has determined the reaction of the western mind to the universe as a whole in every age. If men believed in it they believed in the goodness of the universe. If they disbelieved in it they disbelieved in the goodness of the universe. It has inspired them with hope, convicted them of sin, filled them with terror, broken and healed their hearts with love. Although very variously

interpreted yet as a drama of eternal significance it has stood unrivalled and alone. But in modern times there has arisen another drama which has challenged its grip on the popular mind. Men have an inevitable impulse to dramatise reality. Only as a drama can they conceive it as a vital and vitalising unity. There are deep reasons for this which space will not allow us to enter into here. It is sufficient to state it as a fact. Men never are stung into action by the universe as a whole until it is presented to them in dramatic form. Only in the form of a drama does the universal become sufficiently concrete to stir men to action of a decisive kind.

The Drama of Evolution.

The drama which has arisen in modern times to challenge the supremacy of the drama of creative love is the drama of Evolution. The enormously powerful hold which this scientific hypothesis has secured upon the popular modern mind is due to its dramatic form. Millions of people " believe in " evolution who have only the very vaguest idea of what it means, and no idea whatever of the evidence upon which it rests. It is its dramatic quality that grips the imagination. It also can be set out as a drama in four acts and an Epilogue.

ACT I *The Preparation in Darkness—Matter.*
There is nothing on the stage but thick heavy night with some immense formless thing moving and growing in it. It is awe inspiring and thrilling but meaningless.

ACT II. *The Coming of Life.*
A very dim light in which living forms can be distinguished, many of them grotesque and horrible, others nearer the light bearing some remote likeness to men.

ACT III. *The Coming of Mind.*
Prehistoric man. A quaint confused medley in which we recognise a likeness to our secret selves of which we are ashamed.

ACT IV. *The Coming of Man.*
History. A perfectly staggering and amazing series of scenes of thrilling interest but no clear significance except in the growth of civilisation.

Epilogue.
The future—mainly composed of new inventions and machines. Vast and orderly cities, with a background of possible disaster and another darkness.

The illusion of continuity.

It should be noted that there is no break in the action of the play. The curtain never drops. The scenes and acts emerge one out of the other as the light grows brighter and brighter. It is this effect of unbroken continuity and apparently inevitable sequence which is one of the secrets of the fascination which the drama exercises over the minds of men. Each scene seems to be the necessary result of the one that went before it. It acts as a mental illusion like some perfectly staged and lighted transformation scene. All the gaps and breaks are disguised. Of course when you come to examine it closely and in detail there are enormous gaps and breaks, and utterly inexplicable mysteries. But the total effect of inevitability obscures these from the ordinary man and the action seems to explain itself.

This great drama, which is certainly one of the most amazing products of the human mind, has been pieced together out of millions—literally millions—of observed facts.

A Moving Picture Effect.

It is like a cinematograph film composed of millions of more or less adequately tested sectional pictures of external reality reeled off in a dim light. The completely satisfying effect

of the picture depends enormously on the pace at which it is released. If it is released too slowly the gaps and breaks appear and any active mind will begin to ask questions, mostly quite unanswerable questions. But if the pace of release is sufficiently rapid the picture seems self explanatory, and the interest of it is so intense that the mind is lulled to sleep and forgets to ask why? It is so satisfactory to see clearly *how* things came to be that we do not bother to ask *why* they came to be at all.

Evolution and the Book of Genesis.

Popular interest in the drama of evolution rivals and exceeds the interest in the Christian Drama of Significance. This is partly due to its intrinsic interest and novelty and partly to the fact that, as an account of *how* things came to be, it is so much more satisfactory and convincing than the first two chapters of the Book of Genesis with which, as an account of how things came to be, it came into conflict as soon as it was born, so to speak. The ancient Jewish account of how things came to be had done duty for centuries as a drama both of form and significance, giving men, that is, their idea both of the *how* and the *why* of things, until Professor Huxley threw Evolution at Bishop Wilberforce's

head and the Bishop threw the Bible back at him. The result of that unseemly, but perhaps inevitable conflict, was a foregone conclusion from the start because, as an account of *how* things came to be, the ancient Jewish dramatic cosmogony had no foundation in fact. It came into being, like the picture of the three-storeyed building with which we have already dealt, at a time when men were not interested in, and had discovered no means of knowing, how things came to be, and were solely concerned with the question of why they came to be at all and what they meant. Neither the scientific method nor the scientific purpose had dawned upon the human mind as yet.

The Value of Genesis.

The sole value of the creation account of the Book of Genesis was and is that it presents the universe as a universe with a rational and moral purpose behind it.

This faith in a rational universe, as Dr. Whitehead has shown, underlies and is the only possible foundation for the scientific method and purpose ; but, as he says, it does not spring from, and cannot be justified by, any inductive generalisation. It springs from the direct inspection of the nature of things as disclosed

in our immediate present experience. It is the product of penetrating intuition and not of observation and sectional experiment. It is as an expression of that intuitive value judgment on the universe as being (1) a unity (2) a rational unity (3) a moral unity, a judgment which underlies science, ethics, and religion in its highest forms that the early chapters of Genesis are rightly esteemed. The august and majestic words with which the Bible opens " In the beginning God " form the foundation of all our higher faith and knowledge. But as an historic account of how things came to be the Jewish cosomogony is worthless. It is as worthless historically and as valuable rationally, æsthetically, and morally as this modern negro derivative from it which I quote because it might be used to serve exactly the same purpose as the Book of Genesis, and is nearly equal to it in beauty.

A Modern Parallel.

" And God stepped out on space,
And He looked around and said,
' I'm lonely
I'll make me a world.'

And as far as the eye of God could see
Darkness covered everything,
Blacker than a hundred midnights
Down in a cypress swamp.

Then God smiled,
And the light broke,
And the darkness rolled up on one side,
And the light stood shining on the other,
And God said, ' That's good ! '

Then God reached out and took the light
in His hands,
And God rolled the light around in His hands
Until He made the sun ;
And He set that sun a-blazing in the heavens.
And the light that was left from making the sun
God gathered it up in a shining ball
And flung it against the darkness,
Spangling the night with the moon and stars.
Then down between
The darkness and the light
He hurled the world ;
And God said, ' That's good.'

Then God Himself stepped down—
And the sun was on His right hand
And the moon was on His left ;

The stars were clustered about His head,
And the earth was under His feet.
And God walked, and where He trod
His footsteps hollowed the valleys out
And bulged the mountains up.

Then He stopped and looked, and saw
That the earth was hot and barren.
So God stepped over to the edge of the world
And He spat out the seven seas ;
He batted His eyes, and the lightnings flashed ;
He clapped His hands, and the thunders rolled ;
And the waters above the earth came down,
The cooling waters came down.

Then the green grass sprouted,
And the little red flowers blossomed,
The pine tree pointed his finger to the sky,
And the oak spread out his arms,
And the lakes cuddled down in the hollows
of the ground,
And the rivers ran to the sea ;
And God smiled again,
And the rainbow appeared,
And curled itself around His shoulder.

Then God raised His arm and He waved His
hand,

Over the sea and over the land,
And He said, ' Bring forth. Bring forth.'
And quicker than God could drop His hand
Fishes and fowls
And beasts and birds
Swam the rivers and the seas,
Roamed the forests and the woods,
And split the air with their wings.
And God said, ' That's good.'

Then God walked around,
And God looked around
On all that He had made.
He looked at His sun,
And He looked at His moon,
And He looked at His little stars ;
He looked on His world,
With all its living things,
And God said, ' I'm lonely still.'

Then God sat down
On the side of a hill where He could think
By a deep, wide river He sat down ;
With His head in His hands,
God thought and thought,
Till he thought, ' I'll make me a man.'

Up from the bed of a river
God scooped the clay ;

And by the bank of the river
He kneeled Him down ;
And there the great God Almighty
Who lit the sun and fixed it in the sky,
Who flung the stars to the most far corner of
the night,
Who rounded the earth in the middle of His
hand ;
This Great God,
Like a mammy bending over her baby,
Kneeled down in the dust
Toiling over a lump of clay
Till He shaped it in His own image ;

Then into it He blew the breath of life,
And man became a living soul.
Amen. Amen."

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON.

There you have expressed in an exquisitely simple dramatic form the fundamental faith in the universe as a rational and moral unity. The question of historical veracity is beside the point in this as in the Genesis account. Unfortunately the impossible claims to historicity put forward for the Book of Genesis obscured its real value and had a reaction upon the Christian drama of creative love to which the Jewish

Scriptures had formed a background for centuries. There was a feeling, a feeling rather than a clear idea, that they were intrinsically connected and must stand or fall together. An attack on Genesis was an attack on Christ. That conflict is over or nearly over.

The Two Dramas: 1. Evolution; 2. Creative Love. Can they be Reconciled?

The drama of evolution as an account of how things came to be has made good and in its main outlines is generally accepted. The question that now arises is the relation between the Christian drama of the Agony and Triumph of Creative Love and the drama of Evolution. Can the two be reconciled as pictures of reality? Can we take Evolution as the drama of form and Christianity as the drama of significance? Can Evolution mean Christ?

The vital importance of this question arises from the fact that the Evolution Drama which, in and of itself, has no meaning, being in the nature of a thriller the sole interest of which is in the action and not in the motives that underlie it, has given birth to modern dramas of significance which are real rivals to Christianity as expressing the moral or immoral value and meaning of the universe. The most fascinating

and absorbing scenes in the Evolution drama are the early ones. They are fascinating and absorbing partly because they are new, and because men have laboured with such immense patience to accumulate the facts of what they are composed, and partly because of the unbroken connection which exists between them and the later scenes. The connection is so clear that they seem to " explain " the later scenes. They show clearly modern man as connected with and in many respects kin to the lower creation. They introduce him in fact to an enormous multitude of poor relations and ancestors, and it must be confessed that, from our point of view, most of these ancestors are extremely disreputable people. Indeed the impression produced by the evolutionary drama is that there is nothing and no one in the world which has not had a very poor, mean and sordid beginning. Mr. Bronislaw Molinowsky the learned anthropologist who has helped to cast a lurid light on our primitive forebears has said that " anthropology is the story of rude men written by rude men," and it certainly is.

Evolution a Depressing Picture.

Now when you have been accustomed to think of yourself as having been started off in a nice

clean Garden of Eden, even if there was a bit of bother about an apple later on, to be introduced to this seething multitude of savage ancestors is disconcerting and depressing. Many people in fact find it intolerable, and steadily refuse to recognise their primitive antecedents. Moreover, unpleasant as these connections are to our more cultured selves, we are obliged to recognise that in our inmost hearts there still lurks a secret sympathy with them. Savagery still has attractions for us specially when we cut out its more blatantly unpleasant features. The naturalness of the savage attracts us. He was a creature of impulse and often we would like to be. Then there is this question of time. Staggering and enormous periods of time. It seems to have taken interminable ages to raise us even to the point or two above savagery that we have reached. Again and again civilisations have been swept away and men have relapsed into bestiality. After the first glamour of novelty has worn off the effect of the evolutionary drama is depressing. It is so enormous, complex and protracted. The shadow of mean and sordid beginnings seems to fall over everything, and doubt as to whether the whole business has any intelligible meaning invades the mind. The process seems to be

so needlessly round-about, brutal, and cruel. Is the unverse a rational and moral unity after all? What does it mean? The pessimism born of this bewilderment is one of the main origins of the rival dramas of significance which are doing battle in the modern mind with the Christian drama of creative love.

Rival Dramas of Significance.

These are the dramas of destructive conflict which imagine the universe as a battlefield, a scene of perpetual and internecine war, in which everything preys upon everything else, and they have gained and maintain an increasing hold on the modern mind for three reasons.

1. They are derived from, and find authority in, the Evolutionary drama.
2. They are born of the cynicism and pessimism which that drama tends to produce.
3. They make a strong appeal to primitive passions and promise them freedom from restraint.

I may perhaps be permitted to refer to, and quote from, the small pamphlet on Environment which I contributed to the Affirmations series

edited by Dr. Dearmer. A perusal of that would help the reader to understand what I am driving at in this discussion of Jesus' way of imagining the universe. I wrote there with regard to Nationalism :—

Nationalism as a Drama of Significance.

" It is a way of imagining the world in which its reality is presented as composed of a number of sovereign independent states whose security and welfare depend upon the strength of their armies and navies, and upon the height of the tariff walls erected round each one to restrain and obstruct the freedom of trade. This picture (or drama) of the world is accepted by millions as obviously true. . . . It is to them reality. But the ' obvious truth ' and ' self-evident reality ' of the picture depend upon, and are derived from, its power of appeal not to our reason, still less to our conscience, but to our primitive passions and subjective propensities. When submitted to the test of experience it has led to results so monstrous, painful, and mad that in any other connection we would regard them as conclusive proof that our picture was absurd. It is as though after testing a chemical formula for an artificial fertiliser, and discovering that it blasted, poisoned, and destroyed every piece of land it touched we were to spend

millions of money on the mass production of it and infinite labour upon spreading it over our fields. This picture of the world has been rationalised and clothed in the scientific terminology which the modern mind demands to disguise and dignify its survivals of savagery and barbarism. Darwin has been a name to conjure with. Technical biological terms such as ' natural selection,' the ' struggle for existence ' and ' the survival of the fittest ' have been given a philosophical significance with an utterly naïve indifference to the irrational absurdities involved in their misuse. ' Christianity is all bunk,' a business man observed to me after Sir Arthur Keith's address to the British Association, ' Science knocked the bottom out of that Sunday School sentiment years ago, and now Sir Arthur Keith has put the tin hat on it. Darwin was right. We are all animals when you take the trimmings off. The strong man gets the prize, and the weak man goes to the wall. You will never stop war. It's nature's method. The survival of the fittest.' He was just a decent fellow, expert I believe at selling bananas wholesale, and quite innocent of brains. But the philosophy which he expressed in crude and brutal terms has been clothed in pseudo-scientific dignity by many thinkers who did not possess the excuse of his invincible ignorance.

Such names as Cramb, Chamberlain, Treitschke, Troeltsch, Naumann, Bernhardi will occur at once to the mind, and there has been a host of lesser fry to popularise their more academic barbarities. So persistent and suggestive has the propaganda by publicists and journalists been that belief in this picture has become second nature and common sense in the western world. Millions are as confident of its correspondence with reality as they are of their own existence. Nevertheless it must be stated with emphasis that it is nothing but a picture, and a picture created neither by reason nor by examined experience, but by blind passion and fear. It is in fact a pathological phantasy."

The connection between the pathological phantasy of Nationalism and the Evolutionary drama is close and obvious.

The Marxian Melodrama of Significance.

The connection of the Evolutionary drama with the Marxian drama of significance is less obvious but none the less real. This also is a drama of destructive conflict which owes its hold upon the modern mind to the authority of science,* the pessimistic cynicism arising out of the Evolutionary drama, and its power of appeal to the primitive passions. This picture owes its power, if not its

* Hence the pathetically futile pretensions embodied in the claim of ' Scientific Socialism.'

actual origin, to the dramatic genius of Karl Marx. He was a consummate artist who, using the difficult and unpromising medium of an extremely complex and obscure economic terminology, produced a magnificently simple passion picture of the industrial world. It is a vital and realistic study in Red and White. The world is conceived of as being divided not vertically into many conflicting states, but horizontally into two conflicting classes. There is a bold simplicity about this conception which gives it an immense and immediate power of appeal to the deepest passions of men. Here are the two great armies of the Proletariate and the Bourgeoise the blood red banners flying and the white, marching to their final conflict, the glorious issue of which is predetermined by inexorable economic fate. Intellectual criticism of this picture has quite naturally proved futile. The validity or invalidity of the economic theories involved is to the minds of those who feel and answer to its challenge as entirely beside the point as the obscurity of the terminology in which they are stated. The theories may be riddled with criticism but the drama of injustice and tyranny remains entirely self evident in its truth to some, and its falsehood to others, because of its appeal to conflicting passions. If the facts do not fit the picture so much

the worse for the facts. They must be forced to fit it. The titanic effort of the Bolshevist minority to force the facts of the Russian collapse at the end of the war to fit the Marxian picture is and will remain a classic example of large scale response to pseudo environment and its disastrous results. The Marxian picture is a work of genius, one of the most effective passion pictures ever created. It has all the points required to compose a moving appeal :— (1) A gloomy and terrible beginning which does justice to all the darkest and ugliest facts of the present painted in in heavy black without relief. (2) A perfectly simple presentation of the cause of this evil which falls into the Bad Man v. Good Man, or Villain v. Hero, motive beloved of popular melodramatists. (3) A glorious and golden ending with the hero triumphant and the villain lying dead in a pool of his own blood after a thrilling fight the issue of which is a foregone conclusion. Here you have all the elements necessary for the scenario of a dead sure thing on the movies. It is a dead sure thing. It is travelling all over the world and drawing enormous audiences. Its power in the East grows day by day. It adds to its appeal there by the ease with which it brings in the passion of the race and colour conflict. The hero is black, brown or yellow and the villain white. The nationalist, or pseudo-

Darwinian, and the Marxian pictures coalesce in the East and together form a drama of hypnotic power which is stirring millions to their very depths. Let us be clear in our minds at the risk of repetition, that the influence and appeal of these pictures has little or nothing to do with their ascertained or tested correspondence with reality. So long as they do not too violently conflict with present experience their correspondence with reality is taken for granted because of their appeal to primitive passions.

These Dramas Flatly Contradict the Christian Drama.

It is I hope sufficiently obvious that these dramas of destructive significance conflict with the drama of the birth, agony, and triumph of creative love in a way in which the drama of Evolution itself does not. They contradict it. If the meaning of the universe is to be found in these destructive melodramas or any of the hundred and one derivatives from them then it cannot be found in the Christian drama at all. It has not I think been sufficiently realised that the bitterness of the conflict between Religion and Science is, and has been, partly due to the conviction that the facts of evolution were being grossly misinterpreted and made to produce in the minds of shallow

thinking, uninstructed, and highly suggestible people, an entirely false set of values. The quarrel of the Church with evolution has not really been about the facts but about the meaning of the facts.

Christianity Quarrels with Science about the Meaning of Facts.

Even the American fundamentalist upon whom the scientific world has poured out its scorn has more to say for himself, if only he could say it, than appears on the surface. The farmers of the Middle West are not really concerned about the fact that their sons and daughters are being taught that they are descended from monkeys. What bothers them is that their sons and daughters are behaving like monkeys. Tennessee is not really a protest against Darwinian facts but a protest against pseudo-Darwinian values. It is a rebellion against evolution not as a drama of form but as a drama of significance. It is the death agony of American puritanism as an order of society based upon a certain standard of values, and a certain conception of what the meaning and significance of life is. The form which the protest takes is due to a mixture of wrong thought and right feeling.

The hypothesis of evolution in the dramatic

cinematograph form in which it appeals to the popular mind, is liable to be grossly misinterpreted for two main reasons both connected with the mystery of time.

Evolution and Time.

In the first place the drama of evolution enormously extends our idea of the past. Instead of a few thousand, you have millions and millions of years, a long, long road stretching back down the all but infinite vistas of extended historical, biological, and geological time. The past as compared with the present or the future looms large in the picture and tends to dominate the imagination. The suggestive power of this new proportion is very great. The mind tends to become concentrated upon and absorbed in the spectacle of the past. Our fathers were indeed unconsciously controlled and largely determined by the past but, as we gaze fascinated at the drama of evolution, we tend to become consciously controlled and determined by it. Our consciousness tends to become dominated by the idea of the past, and the importance of that domination is increased by the fact which we have observed before, that conscious thought tends to play a larger and larger part in determining our conduct. The change of emphasis from the unconscious to the conscious

is the distinctive feature of the modern soul. We have actually become conscious of the unconscious, which means that we have become very much more conscious of the past, for the unconscious mind is entirely the product of our past and that of the human race of which we are living members.

Bergson rightly says " Doubtless we think with only a small part of our past, but it is with our entire past . . . that we desire, will, and act." But the modern tendency is to think with a larger and larger part of our past, and to act and order our conduct by our conscious thought.

The Tyranny of the Past.

This consciousness of the past is liable to be quickened and increased until it produces a really morbid and diseased mentality by our contemplation of the drama of evolution without and apart from any key to its significance. The tyranny of the past tends to confuse our minds and paralyse our wills, and we are delivered blindfold, tied, and bound into its power. It blinds and confuses our minds because, being obsessed by the panorama of interminable time in the evolution drama, we tend to explain and interpret everything in the light of the past. We are devoted to and determined by what is called the genetic method of thought. We seek to explain everything by

discovering its origins. But as we have seen the origin and beginning of everything in the world is poor, mean and sordid. There is nothing fine and noble which has not had a comparatively disreputable origin. If then we interpret the meaning of things in the light of their origin our interpretation is almost inevitably a mean and cynical one. "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness." In the light of that darkness men are nothing but animals, religion is nothing but sex, life is nothing but a struggle for existence, politics is nothing but a fight for power, God is nothing but blind and blundering force, civilisation is nothing but a phase in meaningless, purposeless process. The world goes round and round from death to death and ends where it began in nothing. This hypnotic tyranny of the past corrupts and rots the creative power of many brilliant modern minds.

Corrupts Creative Minds.

It speaks through Mr. Bertrand Russell. "That man is the product of causes which had no prevision of this end which they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes, and his fears, his loves, and his beliefs are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no

heroism, no intensity of thought or feeling can preserve an individual beyond the grave ; that all the labour of the ages, all the devotion, all the noonday brightness of the human genius are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, when the whole temple of man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins. All these things, if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand." That is a specimen of what the light of the past by its darkness can do to a really great creative mind. What it can do to millions of lesser minds can only be judged by those who have some inside knowledge of what lies behind the typical trivial, mean, cynical, pleasure hunting, boredom hunted existence of a wholly sophisticated demi-semi-educated man or woman of the modern post-war western world.

Paralysis Destroys Simple Minds.

The young student in particular who goes in for a purely and exclusively scientific education, and is consequently steeped and soused in the genetic method, always going back to and contemplating the beginnings of things, is especially liable to be hypnotised by the past. Particularly if, as is frequently the case, an atmosphere of

agnosticism pervades the laboratory and lecture room, which is as thick and heavy with the suggestion of unbelief as the atmosphere which surrounds a Breton Mass is thick with the suggestion of unquestioning credulity. It is one of the naïve delusions of the scientific mind that it is immune from bias and cannot infect anyone else with it, whereas the pessimistic hypnotism of the past is as infectious as smallpox and can spread through a group of minds like an epidemic. I have met hundreds of young students, especially women, whose minds have been utterly corrupted as creative powers by this palsy of the past. They could "explain," that is tell you the origin of, everything in heaven and earth from a star to sadic complex, but were completely incapable of adding even a widow's mite to the beauty or significant truth of the world. And behind their blasè, know-all, omni-competent sophistication there often lies, both in men and women, a hungry, thirsty, frightened little soul that, in its utter bewilderment with the vastness and complexity, the bald and brutal crudity, and the utter meaninglessness of the evolutionary drama, is ready to fill its belly with the husks that the swine do eat, because there seems to be no other food. Love is nothing but sex and Christianity a masochistic complex of repressed impulses. The world is

as idle as a humming-top. We know whence we come, out of the dark ; we know whither we go, back to the dark again. Let us eat, drink, and be merry, since we cannot be happy, and to-morrow we die. All that is not conscious now in the mind. It was conscious but has been repressed by a small person anxious to maintain its intellectual dignity since that appeared to be the only dignity left to man in the scientific age. That is a description of an extreme case but the mental disease exists in a thousand forms of greater and less severity. Even those minds who escape corruption by the quality of the past tend to be corrupted by the mere quantity of it. They may with a struggle preserve their ideals and believe that the world has a purpose and that there is some meaning in things. We may advance, but it will be very, very slow.

Millions and Millions of Years.

It has taken millions and millions of years to get as far as this, and it will therefore take millions and millions of years to get any farther. The inevitability of gradualness is absolute and rigid. Of course we must try to make things better but we cannot do much. We are in the grip of the universe and that takes its time and has any amount of it to take. It is no good trying to

hurry things. We must just go on. In this way by the sheer weight of its quantity viewed in retrospect, the tyranny of the past tends to paralyse the will. But we cannot state too emphatically that this tyranny of the past arises not out of the facts of evolution, but out of a misinterpretation of the facts.

Pessimism and Confusion due to Misinterpretation.

It is the continual contemplation of the evolutionary drama of form and movement without having any key to its significance, that delivers the present and the future bound and blindfold into the power of the past, and leads to debased and debilitated conceptions of the universe and of the meaning of life in it. But if we put the drama of evolution side by side with the drama of creative Love, and seek the meaning of evolution in Christ, the effect is utterly different and there emerges a dynamic whole which is consistent with the facts, and at the same time exercises a transforming and inspiring power on the soul, clarifying the intellect, and quickening and vitalising instead of paralysing the will. The two explain, supplement, and perfect one another in what is to me a gloriously convincing way.

Two Dramas Side by Side.

I see them both together, thus :

EVOLUTION.		CHRISTIANITY.
ACT I. The preparation in darkness.		The Advent of the Christ Man.
Nothing on the stage but thick heavy night with some immense formless thing moving and growing in it.	MEANS	I look at it with a sense of expectation which fills it with meaning. He is coming.

Evolution means Advent.

ACT II. The Coming of Life.		Incarnation.
A very dim light in which living forms can be distinguished, many of them grotesque and horrible, others nearer the light bearing some remote likeness to men.	MEANS	The Christ born in a stable amongst the cattle. Even allowing for an element of legend in the Xmas stories, they were created by Christ and reveal His way of imagining the Universe. Very humble and even sordid beginning. A helpless naked mite but it can grow. Keep looking forward.

Evolution means Christmas.

Act III. The Coming of Mind.

Prehistoric man. A quaint confused medley in which we recognise a likeness to ourselves of which we are secretly ashamed.

MEANS

Atonement.

The long agony of creation and redemption begins. The lamb is slain. Right in the centre of this queer, apparently meaningless confusion I plant the Cross. Stark, straight with its foot in the past and its head in the future, it points upwards and onwards. This confusion does not go round and round to end where it began, it goes on and up. The world is not circular but Cruciform. The Cross is prepared for the Christ.

Evolution means Good Friday.

Act IV. The Coming of Man.

History — A perfectly staggering series of scenes of thrilling interest, but no clear significance except in the growth of civilisation.

MEANS

Redemption—Resurrection and Ascension.

The Cross still stands in the centre of history with the crowd surging round the base of it. The agony reaches its climax. The great Worker sweats

great drops of blood. All the brutality and horror of history is summed and centred in the Cross. But it stands stark, straight and sharp, pointing upwards but with arms held out embracing the universe. The head of the Cross pierces through the shadow of death which hangs over history, and as the shadows roll away I see behind it the empty tomb, and, as the crown and climax of it all—the final meaning of it all—that Figure with wounded hands outstretched to bless ascending—up—up—to His Perfection.

Evolution means Easter and Ascension.

EPILOGUE.

The future. Mainly composed of new inventions and strange machines. Vast and orderly cities with a background of possible disaster and another darkness.

MEANS

EPILOGUE.

Christ through the Spirit re-enacts the whole drama which is the meaning of history. Continually coming to new birth—continually crucified — continually triumphing over death, continually Ascending—and thus Judging—and Saving the world of men.

Evolution means Judgment and Salvation.

Now that is both vague and crude. It is almost deliberately vague and crude because it deals with significance rather than form, and significance must be suggested, it cannot be defined. But out of the mere collocation in the mind of the two dramas a majestic vision arises which transforms evolution, and restores its essentially dynamic and morally vitalising character.

Ascension the Climax and the Key.

If we keep our eyes fixed upon the Ascension as the climax the present and the future are delivered from the tyranny of the past. Its brutal *quality* is summarised and solved in the Cross with the Ascension behind it, and its *quantity* is seen to be an illusion of the mind which unconsciously assumes a uniform rate of ascension for which there is no warrant whatever. More might happen in a moment than happened in a million years. Once more a way is open—the Way—going on and on and up and up. The valleys beneath us are filled with light—the clear light of Science. We can discern the narrow winding path by which we have climbed, and form some idea of the perils we have passed. It is a terrible, fascinating and glorious view and we may well pause, as climbers do, looking

backwards to gain courage to turn to their climb again. But we must turn—turn to the mists *looking to the highest point our eyes can reach,* and on that point with hands outstretched blessing us but pointing upward still—there stands one like unto the Son of Man. The unarmed creative warrior man who tells of a working God and bids us work with Him. *Christ's way of imagining the universe is consistent with the facts and is the only dynamic way of conceiving them which can satisfy and save the soul.*

Destiny Revealed in Christ.

The conflict continues but it is a creative conflict and in this vision of God and man is the destined unity, which increasing, but never in this life finally complete, is worked out in time. This creative warrior man who works with God unarmed and consecrating all His powers to a creative purpose is the man of Destiny who comes more and more fully to His birth as the Warrior is perfectly mated to the woman and dedicated with her to the service of the future incarnate in the child. This is the ultimate significance of sex and of the sex conflict. "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the

kid ; and the calf, and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

X

LOOKING BACKWARD

Looking Back.

LET us for a moment or two look back along the road by which we have come. We started out from my poor dead sergeant's remark about battlefields—blood—and mother's meetings. What was the connection in his mind between parsons and mother's meetings? We saw that this obvious association had a long history behind it. The warrior has always associated the woman and the priest. Why? This led to another query—Why does the Christian Religion appeal, why has it always appealed more powerfully to women than to men? Why amongst the close and devoted followers of Christ have women always outnumbered men? We dismissed some trite and trivial answers to that question and were then brought face to face with the great fact of sex, and the question of its significance in human life. What does this great division in the human race mean? What is its purpose?

We made good our sight to ask and seek an answer to that question, and endeavoured to account for, and partly at any rate to defend, our modern pre-occupation with it. We came to the conclusion that, broadly speaking, there were three positions we could take up on the sex question. (1) The Atheistic position—which regards sex, as it regards the rest of the universe, as a more or less nasty mess without any intelligible meaning or purpose. (2) The Agnostic position which admits that it may possibly have a purpose and a meaning but that if it has, the purpose and meaning are unknown and unknowable. (3) The Theistic position which holds that the fact of sex has a meaning and a purpose which we can partly, if not wholly, comprehend, and which it is our duty to understand and endeavour to carry out. This decision made it obviously necessary for us to ask ourselves: "What then is the purpose and meaning of sex, and how can we best assist in carrying its purpose out?" We then examined what for lack of a better name, we called the Victorian solution of the sex question, and discovered three main reasons for dissatisfaction with it.

1. The double standard as between men and women, and the consequent necessity for

commercialised prostitution which we agreed was intolerable.

2. The property relationship between the husband and the wife.
3. The complete economic dependence of women.

For these reasons we decided that the Victorian solution would not do. This brought out the fact that unfortunately the Victorian solution had become identified with the Christian solution, and it was commonly assumed that they must stand or fall together. This assumption we repudiated as false. Christian monogamy like the Kingdom of God upon earth, of which it is a part, lies on ahead of and not behind our present stage of social development. The assumption that the Christian and the Victorian solutions were one and the same thing, had led to a cry for what are called modern solutions. But we decided that the one feature which the many modern solutions have in common is their antiquity. They are not modern but ancient and modern with a ten to one bias on the ancient. We can find parallels for them all in the life of primitive savages.

Christian monogamy—the voluntary life-long union of two equally developed, equally privileged,

human persons in the service of God and the future incarnate in the child—is not an ancient institution tottering to its death through senile decay, but an extremely modern institution valiantly struggling to establish itself as the basis of social life. It is the one startlingly new and revolutionary solution of the sex question. We found reasons for repudiating the idea that monogamy was either " primitive " or " natural " to man, and maintained that it was rather the crown and climax of a long and tortuous evolutionary growth, the result of an endless number of experiments. We discovered that there was no department of human life in which so many experiments had been tried as in the relationship between the sexes. It can be truly said that we have tried them all, and the growth of monogamy is the result. A retrospective survey of the strange path by which we have come enabled us dimly to discern a reason for this. At the root of the relationship between the sexes we discovered an antagonism. We would agree with a modern writer on Marriage that " Man and woman, both as individuals and types, are fundamentally different, incompatable, and essentially solitary." The basis of this antagonism is their different bodily structure, and seperate sexual functions. This

difference in bodily structure, built up through millions of years of evolutionary development, leads to a fundamental difference in the balance of the primitive impulses upon which character and conduct are based. In the man the sex instinct is primary and dominant, and the parental instinct is secondary and latent. In the woman the parental instinct is primary and dominant and the sex instinct secondary and latent. We are of course well aware that these are just methods of describing observed facts of conduct and experience, but they are the best methods we have, and some idea of the basis of sex antagonism is necessary for the understanding of human nature. The man is driven to create children by the desire for union. The woman is driven to union by the desire to create children. In animal and primitive human life, with some doubtful exceptions, the family is completely mother-centred and mother-managed, and the man's responsibility for the children begins and ends with the begetting of them.

There is much freedom and little love between the sexes. The sex impulse does not of itself and in itself naturally and easily lead to love, on the contrary its oldest associations are with cruelty and delight in the infliction of pain, and it still frequently leads to the bitterest and most deadly

form of hatred known on earth, that which can grow up between a man and a woman in whom the fire of passion has burned itself out, and the lamp of love has not been lit. Love, in any higher sense of that word, is the result and not the cause of marriage. Marriage itself begins as a working partnership, and has an economic basis. At first it is the woman who does all the work in the service of the child. The man is the hunter, the warrior, the destroyer. But as time passes—probably ages—the warrior enters into a more permanent partnership with the woman and, assuming more responsibility for the children in their prolonged dependence, takes to work. The matriarchal clan disappears, and the patriarchal family takes its place. It is with the coming of the patriarchal family that the age-long process of civilisation begins. As by increasingly permanent union between the man and the woman, the fire, energy, intellect, and skill of the warrior become moulded and subdued to the creative purpose of the woman in the service of the child, the creative man comes to his birth, and it is upon the creative man that civilisation depends. There could be no civilisation worthy of the name while the man remained the primitive, lawless, loveless, hunting male. He had to learn to work with and for the woman and the child.

But Marriage does not put an end to the conflict between the sexes, on the contrary it tends to intensify it, and make it more conscious, and at the same time sets up the second great conflict which exists at the heart of society, the conflict between the parent and the child. As the family emerges it is seen to be the embryo and miniature form of the great society, and is revealed in its essential nature as being a unity of tensions, a unity with natural and inevitable conflict at its heart. This led us to the enunciation of the great principle of creative conflict as underlying all social and individual development. A creative conflict is one in which there is no possibility of victory or defeat for either side, without grievous loss to both, nor any possibility of any premature peace short of perfection. Both sides must live in vital and mutually vitalising conflict working out an increasing but never finally completed unity. In the lower orders of life unconsciously creative conflict is the method of development, everything fights with but feeds on everything else. Were we to suppose that this universal conflict is conscious either in its agony or in its individually destructive purpose; if the snake hated the rabbit, and the hawk the thrush, and if in their conflict they suffered as a fully conscious human being suffers, then nature red in tooth and

claw would indeed be a reality and we might turn from the order of nature in despair. But there is no hatred in nature and the dominant note in its chorus is one of joy in life. There is no conscious desire to destroy and much less consciousness of pain than we would suppose at first sight. But with the birth and growth of consciousness the creative method undergoes a change of critical importance. It is imperative now that the creative purpose of inevitable conflict should increasingly become a consciously creative purpose, and that work should take the place of war as the main business of life, and the artist supersede the warrior man. This growing consciousness of a creative purpose and the substitution of work for war is the quintessence of the process of civilisation in its highest sense, and is nothing more or less than the birth and growth of charity or creative Love, which is the other name of God. And in a far deeper and more universal sense than the proverb is commonly used to convey it is true that " Charity begins at home."

It is in the home that the creative purpose which is latent and unconscious in healthy lust becomes patent and conscious in love as the warrior mates with the woman and learns to work for the child. It is in the home that the inevitable conflicts inherent in society first become conscious and are

then slowly and painfully raised to the consciously creative level. An examination of the home in a spirit of candid realism reveals it as a precarious unity of tensions and natural conflicts. There is the basic conflict between the man and the woman. This is the most difficult and it is at this point that the home most frequently breaks. There is the conflict of the individual and society, the ceaseless tension between the many and the one. There is the conflict between the generations, the old, the middle aged, and the young. There is the conflict between the strong and the weak. At all these points there is tension and strain which it is quite impossible to eliminate. We have seen that the idea of a home in which these strains do not exist is a phantasy of death. The spirit of contradiction is the very nerve of life. And what is true of a home on a small scale is true of Society on a great. There is no possibility of abolishing conflict. The only way is to raise the inevitable conflicts up to a consciously creative level, and this is done as moral is substituted for physical force as the weapon with which they are waged, and work takes the place of war as a means to unity. As we substitute leading for driving, inspiration for compulsion, education for subjection, confidence for suspicion, faith for fear

and love for force, the inherent conflicts are not abolished but raised to a creative level. It should be noted that there is nothing passive or negative about these substitutes, they are all forms of intense activity of mind. It is harder to lead than to drive, more difficult to inspire and persuade than to compel, more courageous to trust than to suspect, more trying to suffer than to fight. In the vast cosmic process by which this raising of conflict to the creative level takes place the birth of Jesus of Nazareth is the turning point, and we rightly divide the history of the process into two divisions B.C. and A.D.

The life of Jesus of Nazareth is critical for two reasons. It created a change in the effective environment of man by establishing as a permanent part of it :—

1. A new vision of Man.
2. A new vision of God.

We have examined these two contributions, inadequately and cursorily of course, but as well as we could, and have come to the conclusion that their distinctive feature is their dynamic quality. As a man Christ appears as the creative warrior. He is the Man in whom there is neither male nor female because in Him the warrior and

the woman meet and find their destined unity. In Him all the warrior qualities and virtues are completely consecrated to a creative purpose, without loss or diminution of their force. He, the eternal carpenter, puts down the warrior from his seat and crowns the worker King. But He not only thus potentially disarms earth, but proceeds to disarm heaven, proclaiming with no uncertain voice that this is the Will of God. This act of His we found to be the essential meaning of His claim to Divinity. We endeavoured to examine His way of imagining the universe, and found that the growth of scientific knowledge was historically the result of it, and confirmed it as substantially true. His conception of the universe in terms of will, work, and energy being thoroughly in accordance with observed facts. He was right when He put Motherhood in the heart of heaven and there also crowned the worker king.

XI

THE CREATIVE WARRIOR IN HISTORY

The Creative Conflict Down the Ages. The Warrior Re-crucifies the Christ.

BUT we must remember that His teaching was and is the teaching of destiny far and away beyond the grasp of His time and our own. He raised the conflict between the Warrior and the Woman up to a higher level potentially and revealed its inner meaning for all time, but the conflict was in its early stages yet, and the first effect of His teaching and life was rather to increase than to diminish its intensity. He came not to bring peace but a sword. The great warrior and predatory Empire of Rome, which had crucified Him once, in the first centuries proceeded to crucify Him again and again, vainly endeavouring to stamp Him out by force.

This was of course impossible. The eternally significant drama repeated itself and out of the blood of the martyrs He rose again—and again. But force was not the deadliest weapon the warrior had at His command. Compromise and corruption might succeed where the sword had failed.

The warrior made His way into the heart of the Church by peaceful penetration. In their heart of hearts men still worshipped the warrior. They would have no King but Caesar and yet they were growing half afraid to crucify the Christ. The ways of the human mind are devious and strange. Who can hope to interpret rightly the conflicts that rage within it? They could not escape from the challenge of this Man on the Cross. The Crucifix grew larger, and larger, until its shadow lay across the world. They would have no king but Caesar but a voice kept whispering within them "What then shall I do with the Man, Jesus Christ?" They could not openly crucify Him. But there was another way. Why should He not share Caesar's throne?

He makes a Caesar of Christ, and Arms the Unarmed Warrior.

They could not Christianise Caesar but they could Caesarise Christ, and they did. Both in heaven and earth they made a Caesar of Christ. They transformed the religion of creative love into a religion of coercive fear. They armed the disarmed warrior with the awful terrors of the world to come and set up His throne in heaven above based firmly on the fear of hell beneath. Let it be understood that we are not attempting to

describe the conscious and deliberate purposes of men but the deep down unconscious movement of their souls. They rationalised every step and to them it seemed logical and necessary, and it was indeed an almost inevitable movement of the human soul still in the grip of a terror-stricken, devil-ridden past. Particularly is this seen to be true when we remember the profound change in the very core and constitution of the Roman soul which was produced by the collapse in protracted agony of the Empire and the coming of the barbarians from the North.

The Coming of the Barbarians.

Even we who have ourselves lived through tragic and terrible times can scarcely imagine what it must have been like to live in that world which men seemed to see crumbling away before their eyes like a child's sand castle on the shore, as the warriors from another world poured down upon it in seemingly endless destroying waves from some mysterious angry sea. As that great flood rolled on, breaking down like matchwood the puny obstacles which the Empire frantically strove to put in its way, it looked as though all the beauty and truth which was Greece and the orderly strength which was Rome would be carried away as wreckage on the crest of its cruel tide.

And a good deal of it was. There began then that degeneration of the intellect and insurgence of gloomy superstitious fear which was for centuries to colour men's outlook on the world.

And a Great Darkness. The Warrior Conquers the Woman in Christ.

As has been said of Pope Gregory the Great, "His mind was darkened by the new ignorance and intellectual debasement which had come in the century and a half separating him from Augustine; and his soul was filled with the phantastic terrors which were to constitute so large a part of the religion of the middle ages. Devil lore, relic worship, magic, and miracles permeate his consciousness of life. The soul's ceaseless business is to keep itself that it may at last escape the sentence of the awful judge. Love and terror struggle fearfully in Gregory. Christ's death had shown God's love; and yet the *Dies Irae* impends. No sin is wiped out without penitence and punishment in this life, or afterwards—let it be in purgatory and not in hell." So the Warrior God seemed to have conquered the Christ by absorbing Him into Himself, and swallowing up His love in wrath. The same perverted logic worked itself out in another way.

Evidently the great office of Christian love in a heathen world was to convert idolaters to the faith and save their souls from hell. If conversion was the chief office of Christian love the great object of Christian wrath was unbelief. Unbelief existed within and without Christendom; within in the form of heresy, without in the practices of heathenism. Christian wrath was aroused by whatever opposed the true faith. The Christian should discriminate: hate the sin and love the sinner unto his betterment. But it was so easy, so human, from hating the sin to hate the obdurate sinner who would not be saved, and could not but harm the Church. One need not recount how the disputes of Athanasius' time regarding the nature of Christ came to express themselves in curses; nor how the Christian sword began its slaughter of heretic and heathen. Persecution seemed justified in reason; it was very logical; broad reasons of Christian statecraft seemed to make for it; and often a righteous zeal wielded the weapon. It had moreover its apparent sanction in Jehovah's destroying wrath against idolaters within and without the tribes of Israel. So from arming the unarmed warrior in the world to come they came to arm Him in this life and the triumph of the warrior over the Christ appeared to be complete.

But the Woman Rises Again. The Blessed Virgin Mary.

But it was not by any means complete for at this crisis the Woman with the Child in her arms arose once more to challenge the warrior. As a matter of history the Virgin Mary came down and stood by her Son's side and largely took His proper place fighting the battle of creative love in the world. This was the spiritually inevitable result of the apparent triumph of the warrior over the deathless Christ. In the gloom and terror of tragic days when there was darkness over the face of the earth that lasted three hundred years Christ was crucified by the soldiers but, in the person of His mother, rose again. For if it is true that after the flesh Christ was born of Mary, it is equally true that after the spirit Mary was born of Christ. She was the eternal mother-heart of Christ bearing another name. I do not mean that as a rhetorical figure of speech or a beautiful allegory but as one of the great and crucial facts in the history of the human soul.

The worship of the Virgin Mary was undoubtedly one of the great civilising factors of mediæval times, and it was largely by her aid that the woman maintained her creative conflict with the warrior in the service of the child.

She armed the woman with power from above, and helped her to subdue and mould his crude self-seeking passion to her own creative ends. She it was in the main that made courtesy, gentleness, pity, and even purity and self-control, parts of the male ideal of virtue, even though that ideal was only poorly realised. If she was partly responsible for the exaggerated and unwholesome value attributed to celibacy and virginity, she was also responsible for the superb battle which the Christian Church put up against cruelty and corruption of unfettered lust. Only those who have studied its history can appreciate how valorous and valuable that battle was. Nor did she leave the warrior as a warrior untouched, for the chivalrous ideal was very largely her creation, or rather the creation of Christ through her. In the struggle towards monogamy she played a leading part, and touching lust with her white fingers turned it into loyal love. She too was the patroness of the Arts and a blaze of vivid colour circles round her changing face as from a thousand perfect pictures she looks down in awful innocence upon the sons of men. I am not unconscious of the great gulf that separated ideal from practice in the mediæval world. I know that in the gloom, fear, ignorance, dirt, and disease of

those days Christ was crucified by the warrior, but no one who contemplates the monuments which the mediæval soul has left behind can doubt that He was also risen and ascending.

The Warrior and the Woman in the Cross.

It is the ceaseless conflict between the warrior and the woman as they move to their destined unity in Christ which is the key to the vast dogmatic edifice which the theologians have built up in their efforts to interpret for their generations the cosmic drama of the birth, agony, and triumph of creative love. They are the thoughts of warrior souls which, like the soul of my poor sergeant, were perpetually uneasy about Christ, torn between the worship of wrath and the worship of love, conscious at once of the awful strength of weakness, and the miserable weakness of strength, as they vainly strove to reconcile conflicting visions of God. The various theories of the atonement which gather round the Cross, as the central point of the drama, are both in their beauty and their ugliness, their ferocity and their tenderness, the clearest witnesses to this struggle in the human soul. Somehow men felt sure that God was in the Cross. But how and where? What was this awful act? Was it a sacrifice

or ransom paid by God to the devil and his troops of demons who by the victory of Eden had established a right to rule the world? That was one way in which they rationalised the unconscious conflict in their souls where the woman warred and pleaded with the warrior for the body and the soul of the child. Jesus was the woman meek, suffering, mild, offering the breaking of her body that she might see of the travail of her soul and be satisfied, subduing the fire and force of the warrior to her own creative ends. But was Jesus then God or God's victim or both? They could not tell. This was undoubtedly a propitiation, a sacrifice offered to appease wrath. But whose wrath? Was it the wrath of Satan or the wrath of God?

Was Wrath Satanic or Divine? The Making of the Image of God.

Was wrath and all that wrath meant, might, power, force, domination, destruction, was it Satanic or Divine? Which was God, the warrior or the woman? They could not tell. They could not tell what God was like, because they could not tell what they were like themselves. They were doing what men are always doing, making God in their own image. The shallow thinking cynic who mocks at men and imagines

that this inevitable tendency not only explains God but explains Him away is a fool, a fool blinded by his own pride. He sneers and says: "The wish is father to the thought," as though there was ever a thought that a wish was not father to. The intellect and imagination do not function in a vacuum. We think to live, we do not live to think. The wish for God, a God in whom we can find our best and highest selves, is father to all thoughts of God. But it is this wish, this deathless passion for a higher and a nobler God that requires to be explained. And there is only one explanation of it. We perpetually make God in our own image because God is perpetually making us in His. We are for ever seeking a higher and higher image of God because God makes us for Himself and our hearts must be for ever restless till they rest at last in Him. So the true God in whom alone the warrior and the woman find their unity through their unceasing conflict, creates within the soul of man the image of Himself.

A Step Forward.

To whom was the sacrifice of Calvary offered? To God or to the Devil? They made a step towards unity and, abandoning the idea of a

sacrifice made by God to the devil, they imagined a sacrifice made by God to Himself. God's Love offered a sacrfice to God's Wrath. The Wrath of God they conceived of as His Justice. The Divine Justice or wrath demanded that men should suffer eternal torment for their sins. But His Love desired that they should live and share His bliss. They thus made a distinct step forward in the reconciliation of wrath and Love. By their recognition that the Victim and the Priest were one they carried suffering Love into the very heart of God Himself. And so in highest heaven the woman pleaded with the warrior for the child. They rationalised this deep movement of their souls in a thousand metaphors and similes drawn from Roman Law and the drama of the criminal courts. But its inner meaning is disclosed by the fact that as they, driven by their internal conflict, made a Warrior of Christ they delegated the task of perpetual intercession to the Woman Herself, and it was Mary who before the throne pleaded her Son's sacrifice for the souls of men.

The Woman in Heaven.

Is it in this her highest and most awful office that we see most clearly that if after the Flesh Christ was born of Mary, after the Spirit Mary

was born of Christ. There is nothing in what little historical knowledge we have of Mary to justify this tremendous exaltation. No claim is made in history by her or on her behalf. As she appears in the Gospel narrative she is an extremely human figure who like many human mothers more or less completely fails to understand her Son. On one occasion at any rate it is recorded that she thought He was mad, and went out to fetch Him home. (Mark iii. 21.) We have idealised and sentimentalised the home at Nazareth and made it appear as though there were no conflict at its heart, but even in the fragmentary Gospel narrative there are hints enough to save us from that sickly sentiment. The Protestant refusal to pay to the Blessed Virgin divine or semi-divine honours is justified; she would not have wished it otherwise.

" And has Our Lady lost her place ?
Does her white star burn dim ?
Nay she has lowly veiled her face,
Because of Him.
Men give to her the golden crown,
And robe with broidered rim,
But fain she is to cast them down,
Because of Him.

She claims no crown from Christ apart,
Who gave God life and limb,
She only claims a broken heart,
Because of Him."

The Movement which Cast Her out a Retrograde Movement.

The refusal of divine or semi-divine honours is justified, but the dismissal of Mariolatry as mere superstition, without meaning and without value, is one of the grossest and most tragic instances of that distortion of Truth by passion and prejudice, that reckless destruction of good and beautiful things because they were liable to abuse or had actually been abused, which marred the Reformation, and made it in many respects a barbarous and reactionary movement. The Blessed Virgin Mary was the Incarnation of a neglected aspect of Christ, His eternal womanhood, and the movement of the human soul which cast her out of heaven was a temporary victory for the warrior over the woman, and a re-crucifixion of the Christ. As we get farther away from the Reformation and are able to see it in a calmer, clearer light we perceive that it was in many respects, though certainly not in all, a reactionary movement.

The Reformation not a Rationalist Movement.

It has been looked upon as the birth of the age of reason. But this view, as Dr. Whitehead has shown, is due to a misconception. The basic faith in reason as a road to Reality and Truth had been firmly founded and made a permanent part of the European soul by the passionate rationalism of the Mediæval Schoolmen. It was their labours which laid the foundation of the scientific mind, and laid it so well that faith in reason became part, not merely of the conscious, but of the unconscious mind of the educated European. He assumed as a self-evident axiom needing no proof that the universe was a rational order which could be understood because that lesson had been dinned into his head for centuries.

Belief in a divinely rational order was a passion with mediæval thinkers. Where they failed was in their inattention to and neglect of brute facts. They had made a perfectly consistent rational order out of the universe but they had made it without giving anything like sufficient attention to the facts of nature and of life. When the facts of nature and of life were inconsistent with and refused to fit into their rational order they were all too prone to say so much the worse for the facts, they must either be ignored or forced

to fit into it. And so also with the passions, longings, and desires of men and women in the world, if they rebelled against or refused to fit in with the rational order of the Faith and Law of Christendom, they must be compelled to fit into it. The trouble with them was that they were too completely rational. They were so firmly convinced that reason had led them to the final Truth about the facts and meaning of Life that they would not allow any new facts which closer observation brought to light or any new experience which gripped the souls of men to modify or alter the Truth of the rational order as they conceived it. They did not deny to men the right to reason; they themselves were always reasoning, passionately reasoning. There is no nobler monument to Reason in the world than the Summa Theologica of Thomas Aquinas. They did not deny to men the right to reason but they did deny to men the right to make new experiments.

The Right of Experiment.

It was the right to observation and experiment that they refused. They persecuted Galileo and sent him to prison to read the penitential psalms not because he claimed the right to reason, but because he claimed the right to make experiments and reason independently on the basis of their results.

Yet even in this matter of experiment this same Galileo was their child. Typical men like Gregory and Benedict were intensely practical men, with great powers of observation, and an eye to the importance of ordinary things ; but they combined this practical temperament with passionate faith in the rational order as they conceived it. They made real experiments in agriculture, and acted upon their results. Indeed the alliance of science with technical experiment by which learning is kept in contact with irreducible and stubborn facts owes a great deal to the practical bent of the early Benedictines. But when men started to make experiments and to reason from their results to conclusions which more or less violently conflicted with the rational order as they conceived it, then the trouble began. They foresaw that if this right of individual experiment and private judgment as to the value and significance of its results was universally allowed, then the rational order of Faith and Practice as they conceived it would be broken up, and the passions of men which were by that order restrained and made amenable to reason, would be let loose. This looked to them like the coming of chaos.

The Fear of the Mediæval Rationalist.

Mr. Bernard Shaw shows real insight into the

mediæval mind in S. Joan, and nowhere does he show it more clearly than in the great speech which Cauchon makes to Warwick. "What will the world be like when the Church's accumulated wisdom and knowledge and experience, its councils of learned, venerable, and pious men, are thrust into the kennel by every ignorant labourer or dairymaid whom the devil can puff up with the monstrous self-conceit of being directly inspired by heaven." And if the trial had been that of Galileo instead of Joan, he might have asked with equal cogency, "What will it be like when any mad mountebank can claim to have made experiments with lumps of lead and bits of string and thereby proved conclusively that the Church is wrong and he is right about the motion of the earth and of the sun." And his conclusion might well have been the same. "It will be a world of blood, of fury, of devastation, of each man striving for his own hand: in the end a world wrecked back into barbarism." They were afraid of a universal rebellion against reason, and of the chaos which would come when the restraints of the rational order as they conceived and Christian tradition had constructed it, were removed. They were afraid that the warrior in his worst, most predatory, and violent form would be let loose, and that the woman would suffer a crushing defeat.

That was their fear, the fear that made them ferocious, as fear always does.

Their Fear Partly but not Wholly Justified.

Nor was their fear altogether unjustified. They were not altogether wrong. There were indeed factors which they did not reckon, perhaps could not have reckoned, on. The three most important of these factors were :—

1. That Christian tradition had builded more securely than they knew, and faith in a rational and moral order of the universe was too deeply planted in the souls of men to be destroyed or easily corrupted to the level of barbarism.

2. That Christ Himself was greater than they knew and the warrior, though he might crucify, could never conquer Him.

3. That the rational and moral order of the universe, though not as they conceived it, was even more real and potent than they believed it to be.

These three factors combined to save Europe from relapse into barbarism. But, nevertheless, the break up of the mediæval rational order presented

mankind with problems which are not yet by any means solved, and the solution of which it is not easy to see, and laid western civilisation open to dangers which are not yet averted, and which it will take all our energy and all the power of God in Christ working in and through us finally to avert. The right of the individual to make experiments in every department of human life, and to rely upon his private judgment as to the value and meaning of the results which was, implicitly if not explicitly, claimed by the Reformation and Renaissance movements, has of course never been entirely allowed. Had it been entirely allowed it would take the faith of a convinced Christian anarchist to believe that Europe could have been saved from relapse into barbarism.

Results of the Right of Experiment.

Even the very limited though progressive measure of the right which has been allowed has had sufficiently surprising and unforeseen results. First in importance amongst these has been a literally amazing progress in the natural sciences. The right of experiment and judgment by results was, of course, the first condition of progress in this department of life, since the experimental method is the basis of natural scientific knowledge. The results of the new freedom of experiment at

first were only apparent in the religious and political spheres, in which, after two centuries of relative chaos and disorder, the ideals of religious tolerance and political democracy began slowly to emerge. But at the end of the eighteenth century there began a movement which, coming with cumulative force and at a rapidly accelerating pace was destined in a single century to transform the face of the earth, and entirely alter the conditions of life upon it.

The Industrial Revolution.

This movement, known as the Industrial Revolution, was due to unprecedented progress in applied science and especially in experimental mechanics. The result of this progress was to arm man with a rapidly increasing number of new powers and enable him to harness great natural forces to the service of his will and desires. With the material consequences of this change it is unnecessary to deal here. It is by now an oft-told tale. But the spiritual and moral consequences were even more momentous and much more mysterious and difficult to understand. The change came upon Europe when the rational and moral order of mediæval Christendom was in an advanced stage of decay, and the restraints which that order imposed upon the passions, desires,

and wills of individual men were becoming almost yearly less effective. Now the sinister and terrible feature about a machine or any device for harnessing natural forces is that, within the limits of its nature, it will do anything a man may bid it do, however mad, bad, cruel, or criminal that thing may be. It is therefore obvious that the result of an access of mechanical power will depend ultimately, but quite inevitably, upon the quality of men's desires. But it is with the quality of men's desires that the religious and moral order is primarily concerned and upon that order the discipline, restraint, and harmony of men's desires entirely depends.

We have seen that at the time of the change the mediæval moral and religious order was in an advanced stage of decay and nothing had been, or indeed has as yet, been devised which could completely take its place. The anti-social passions of mankind were therefore in a condition of comparative freedom from restraint.

The Resurgence of the Warrior, and the Defeat of the Woman.

The mediæval fear was partly justified and the warrior, the predatory, violent, lawless man was largely free. The machines with their sinister and threatening capacity for unquestioning

obedience were at the disposal of the warrior, and the age-long conflict between him and the woman took on a new and terrible form. There was a re-crucifixion of Christ. Another quite unforeseen result of the access of mechanical power tended to give the warrior complete ascendency in the world. It was a change in the method of work. Up to the time of the Industrial Revolution a large part of the work of the world was done by women, and all of it was done round women. The woman was the nucleus of the industrial cell which was the home. The provision of food, clothes, light and fuel was still largely the work of women. Spinning, weaving, candle-making, cooking, jam-making, butter-making, pickling, preserving, knitting, baking, fine sewing and embroidery, lace-making etc., were all done by women's hands at home. But with the coming of the Industrial Revolution all this was progressively and very rapidly changed. The work was taken out of the home into the factory. The home ceased to be the industrial cell and the woman was no longer its nucleus. The work of the world passed into the factory, and was thereby put under predominantly and exclusively male control.

The Warrior Takes Her Work.

There is a spasmodic outcry in our day about the number of women that are doing men's work. But the really revolutionary change is the number of men that are doing women's work. Apart from mining, heavy engineering, ship-building, and seafaring there are few jobs in the modern world to which a man can turn his hand which were not, in their then existing form, done by women a century and a half ago. Now this passage of the work of the world out of the home into the factory, away from the woman and into predominantly and exclusively male control, at a time when owing to the breakdown of the religious and moral order the warrior was largely freed from restraint, led to precisely those results which, in the light of our analysis, we would expect.

Industry Becomes War.

Industry became divorced in consciousness from its primary creative purpose of sustaining life, and was made to provide a field wherein the warrior displayed his prowess, and went to war. The pursuit of wealth became an end in itself as the hunt and the battle had done in former days. As the warrior went in his shining mail, his feathers or his war paint, and displayed his trophies and his scalps, so the new manufacturing hero went

in his sober solid black, displaying his turnover, bank balance, profits and dividends, and threatening his competitors with sudden death.

As usual it was upon the common people that the brunt of the fighting fell. The weak men and women in their enormous and rapidly increasing masses fought the battle, the strong men carried off the prize. There took place a hideous holocaust and wholesale sacrifice of children. The warrior took them by the thousand and offered them up to his gods. Their little fingers working twelve and thirteen hours a day piled up the warrior's wealth. The women hypnotised and helpless were pressed with their little ones into mine and mill, and did nothing but work and breed prodigiously. The industrial order was a disorder in which every man's hand was turned against his neighbour in cut-throat competition for wealth. Justification for this was sought and found in the gospel of enlightened self-interest as the destined saviour of the world. Of this strange faith Dr. William McDougall has truly remarked, " It would be an exaggeration not devoid of truth to say that it was a tissue of fallacies based upon psychological misconceptions." Chief amongst these misconceptions were :

1. The assumption that man was naturally a rational being and not the creature of blind passion which he very largely is.

2. The consequent assumption that self-interest would be naturally enlightened and that, in their greed and haste to be rich, men would never behave like fools.

3. That cut-throat competition would inevitably and by iron economic law issue in prosperity for all.

These fallacies still live and exercise power over the minds of men, but under the grinding pressure of facts and the results of intelligent research they are dying, and they must die completely if the civilised world is to be saved from the fate which the mediæval thinkers feared would be the result of the break-up of their rational and moral order. We have seen how barbarous philosophies, based upon an ignorant misinterpretation of scientific facts, grew up to justify in the minds of men this social anarchy the naked truth of which Charles Dickens's Sam Weller had expressed in immortal words: "Every man for himself and God for us all as the elephant said when it danced amongst the chickens." It was indeed the day of the

warrior and the woman was on her knees with her back to the wall. Every day the world became more and more like a battle-field. Wars and rumours of wars, revolutions and rumours of revolutions were the order of the day. It is not until you sit down to study its record in detail that you realise what a cruel and bloody business the nineteenth century was. It is true of course that there is another side to the picture. There were giants in those days and great things were done. It does not do to despise the warrior or the warrior virtues. If they are suffered to degenerate or fall into decay a far more awful fate awaits the people upon whom that degeneracy lays hold. It is better to die in battle than to die of disease and despair. Moreover, although Christ was crucified, He was not dead. He maintained His hold on the home.

Christ and the Woman Make a Stand in the Home.

There, over a constantly diminishing territory, and in more or less complete subjection to the warrior the woman still reigned. There were as we have seen grave objections to the Victorian solution to the problem of the relationship between the sexes. But it had its points. In spite of all its drawback, home-life was strong. Large families were the order of the day, and

parents made great sacrifices for their children. Children brought up in large families often under narrow and straitened circumstances learned invaluable social lessons, of mutual toleration, self-sacrifice, and patience. It was in the homes of England that Christ and the Christian moral order made their most stubborn stand.

The Contrast Between the Home and the World.

It was indeed out of the unbearable contrast between the law that ruled the home, and the law that ruled the world, that the movement of rebellion against the warrior began. Men found themselves compelled to live a Jekyll and Hyde existence, with one conscience for their homes and another for the outside world. Within their homes they were civilised, outside they were savages. Within their homes they were more or less Christian still, outside they were frankly heathen. Christ's writ did not run beyond the doorstep. It is to the consciousness of this bitter contrast that all the idealism and spiritual fervour of the English Labour movement in its early days can be traced. In its militant industrial and political aspects it was the natural result of grinding poverty and a sense of intolerable injustice, but as a moral movement it was

born at home. And there still lies its great moral and spiritual strength. It is not the political agitator or the paid socalistic spouter, but the love of his wife and kids, that fires the soul of the best of Labour men. It is that love which has made and will continue to make the movement irresistible until the wrongs it seeks to right are righted, and the injustices it seeks to remove are removed. If the Labour movement had depended on the soundness of its tactics, the wisdom of its leaders, or the practicability of the various economic and political theories it has stood for in its time, it would now be dead, but because it has that power behind it, it can never die until its work is done. Nor was it only amongst the suffering and exploited classes that this cruel contrast between Christian homes and a heathen world was felt. It touched the conscience and drove the iron into the soul of many amongst the possessing classes too. The first voices that were raised in protest were not the voices of working men. Robert Owen was a rich manufacturer, Shaftesbury was an aristocrat, Hughes was a blue-blooded gentleman, Maurice and Kingsley were refined and cultured scholars, Marx was a university professor, Engels, his friend, inherited a fortune made in cotton, and the list might be extended.

It was to Shaftesbury undoubtedly that the suffering poor owed more than to any other single man, and he had but one constraining motive—the shame of a conscientious Christian to see his Lord so crucified.

The Domestic and the Cosmic Christ.

The Church as a whole was silent and the shame of that silence clings to her yet. She was content to preach a purely domestic Christ whose moral authority only extended as far as the front door. It cannot be too emphatically stated or too clearly realised that a merely domestic Christ can never save the world. Even now the Church has not fully learned her lesson or realised that truth. Only a cosmic Christ who is preached and worshipped as the Lord of all life, the key to all history, the incarnate meaning and purpose of the universe and all that it contains; only a Christ in whom all things consist and find their vital significance can be the Saviour that men seek. Only a Christ whose eyes are the stars, whose voice is the winds, whose creative energy is the life of the world, whose purpose and power are in the common work of men and whose feet walk in their common ways can transfigure and transform the soul. There is nothing so high, and nothing so low, nothing

so vast and complex, nothing so small and simple that it does not need to find its meaning, its dignity in Christ. All arts, all crafts, all learning, all commerce, trade, and traffic, all discovery and high-hearted adventure must lead up to Him, and He must be The Way. Only a cosmic Christ can be a gospel, for only a Cosmic Christ is Risen and Ascending. The purely domestic Christ is always crucified. The Victorian Christ was crucified, imprisoned within the home with the woman by His side, while the warrior ruled the world without. There is a real connection between the purely domestic woman and the purely domestic Christ. Despite the fact that the woman's work was rapidly being taken out of the home into the factory the cry was still, "Keep the woman at home. Keep the woman at home. Do not let her out. Unless indeed she is very poor and can be useful in a factory, then she is cheaper than a man. But a woman in a factory is no longer a woman only a pair of hands, cheap hands. She is not a mother any longer only part of a machine. She can do no harm there. But keep her out of business, keep her out of politics, do not let her have any say in public affairs. The woman's place is in the home." Thus she who had been the centre became part of the circumference of life. And

as it was with the woman so it was with the Christ. The proper place for Christ was in the home. Do not let Him out. He has no place in business, or politics, or public affairs. So the world was withdrawn from the Christ and from the woman and the warrior took sole charge. It could not last. It held within it the forces of its own disruption.

The Suicide of the Warrior.

The warrior, as ever, was bent on suicide. If he gets away from the woman he always is. Force and hatred are essentially self-destructive. This warrior civilisation was working up to its appalling climax all the time. The Industrial war became world wide and, as the factory extended, the struggle for markets, spheres of influence, concessions, and opportunities for exploitation of natural resources became more and more intense. The warrior using his knowledge of applied mechanics armed himself with enormously powerful engines of destruction. Dreadful, obscene, dumb servants ready with unquestioning obedience to do his will, however criminal and mad that will might be. Vast grey murderous ships began to sail the seas. The warrior was proud of them, they were symbols of his power. But gradually the shadow of a great fear fell upon the soul of

the world. We tried to push it away from us. We mocked at it, denied its reality, proved that it could not be true, but it came steadily nearer. I can remember the feel of it when I was only a boy. I did not believe in it. I did not know what it was, but it was there. It was over all the earth. The race in competitive armament became fast and furious. The very blood and bones of the peoples were built into engines of war. The sprawling filth of the slums extended as more ships put out to sea. It was ready to break, that great black cloud, in torrents of bloody rain. But before it broke there took place in this country what in the light of our analysis we would expect.

The Revolt of the Women.

It was a strange, tragic, comic business to the real significance of which we were entirely blind, and no one perhaps more blind than the women themselves. The reasons they gave for their revolt were mainly poor enough. Women's reasons often are. They are not yet as skilful at rationalising their passions as men are. But the very ferocity of their rebellion was significant of something deeper than they knew. We have forgotten how fierce it was, forgotten because we do not like to remember. The " Cat and Mouse Act " and forcible feeding of cultivated

ladies are not pleasant recollections. I can recall a night when I went home ashamed, irritated, and bewildered after talking to a splendidly sane woman who had just come out of Holloway, and looked like a ghost. She had been forcibly fed and proposed to break more windows as soon as she regained her strength. There was a cut over her right eye which had left a scar behind. She got that fighting a policeman, and she was a gentle spoken, refined, and rather beautiful lady. I was not convinced by her reasons, but I knew even then that there was something behind all this that I did not understand. I think I understand now. It was the imprisoned woman trying to come out. Then suddenly the cloud burst and it rained blood upon the earth for four years.

The Warrior Conquers and The Children go out to Die.

The children went out to die. Millions of them went out to die. They had been taught about gentle Jesus in Sunday School, and by the woman in the home. But they took rifles and went out to slay and be slain. I know, I know at first hand, I think I know as well as anyone in England, God forgive me, the utter bewildering amazement that settled down upon their souls. It was in their jokes, and in their laughter, and in their

bitter sneering blasphemies. There were thousands of them that I could not help. There were times when I could not have helped anyone, because I was forsaken of God. I thought Christ was dead, that He had never lived, that He was a fool, a sentimental dreamy fool who knew nothing of the world, and got caught in a trap, as we were caught in a trap. You say that was cowardly. It was not. I was not afraid. At least my body was but my soul was not. I was not afraid of danger. I was just sick, sick to death of the sin and wickedness of it all. Words are no good. I cannot say it. I wish I could. I wish I could say it to the young men and young women who read this book. I wish I could say it to my own sons. Listen. I am not a coward, and I am not a crank, I am not squeamish and I have a sense of humour—and I am not writing for effect—but there was darkness over the face of the earth and I saw Christ crucified and all the women in the world were in His heart.

But Christ Rises again. What next?

But He did not die. I saw Him rise again. He is risen and ascending. He is out of prison now and the woman with Him. They have both broken out of the home. The women paid their price and they have their reward. And now—

what next? What are you going to do with it? You with the bobbed hair and the short skirts and the silk stockings—what are you going to do with it? What are you going to do with Him—the Christ who on a great world stage stands stripped and ready for His next great conflict? What are you going to do with him, that warrior man of yours? People tell me that you are frivolous, and immoral, and vain and selfish, and God alone knows what not. I do not believe it. You are rather a splendid creature. And yet I am afraid—half afraid. I wonder do you realise how much depends on you? There is the battle of the two standards. Which is it going to be? You have broken out of the home and taken up your work again. You have come back to the centre of things. But O, for Christ's sake remember that you must carry a home in your heart. You must make the world a home. You must inspire the warrior man to build it. You must make him turn from war to work. You must say to him—I will not bear babies to be made cannon fodder of. But above all you must be Mothers. Whatever career you adopt and follow, whatever work you do, you must be Mothers. Even though your lot may be the hardest of all lots and you cannot bear a baby in your arms, you must bear one in your heart, always. God

made you to bear the future in your heart, and you must not shirk it. That is your glory and your pain. And you must not be content with a little view of life any longer. You must not go back into the home and shut the doors. There are a thousand problems that you must help to solve. This question of Birth Control must come to you for a casting vote. You must think about it, deeply, widely, and with knowledge of the facts. You must let men know what you think, and they must be the thoughts of a Mother, not a mistress. We need your mind in politics, in economics and in the battle with disease. It is not that I want to lay all the burden and all the responsibility upon you.

The Warrior's Part.

The warrior must play his part. He must not be tamed. He must not become meek and mild and lose his fire and attack. He will need it all if the world is to be built up as a Home. He will need to work and to think as he has never thought before. He must not indulge in cheap cynicism and sneer at the failures of his fellow-men, any fool can do that. He will need faith, real faith that flings itself on doubt and overcomes it face to face. The conflict between his heart and his head must go on and he must be content with no

wretched compromise or easy peace. He must not fall into lazy scepticism or lazy credulity. He must prove all things and hold fast that which is true. He must brace himself to battle with his passions and must remember that he is a father who bears the future in his loins. And finally we must together come back to Christ—to the great—to the cosmic, creative, dynamic Christ. We must not be content to sneer at Churches, that is a miserably easy job. We must make a Church.

It is quite easy to see now why Christ appeals more powerfully to women than to men, and to understand why my old sergeant made his joke. But we cannot and must not alter Christ, we must let Him alter us, as we together seek and find our unity in Him who is our Peace.

Come sail with me,
O'er the golden sea,
To the land where the rainbow ends,
Where the rainbow ends
And the great earth bends
To the weight of the starry sky,
Where tempests die
With a last fierce cry,
And never a wind is wild ;

There's a Mother mild,
With a little child,
Like a Star set on her knee,
Go bow you down,
Give Him the crown,
'Tis the Lord of the world you see.
Amen. Amen. And there is no end.

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101
128

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